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"LIBERTY, HONESS, LOVE"

DAVID REED, PROPRIETOR. BOSTON, SATURDA SEPTEMBER 9, 1848. N. S. FOLSOM, EDITOR!

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COLLEGE AND SEMINARY RECORD.

ANNIVERSARY AT NEW HAMPTON. The annual examination and exhibition of this flourishing Institution, occupied nearly four days of last week, commencing on Monday noon and closing on Thursday evening. This seminary, situated in the heart of New Hampshire, and in the midst of an amphitheatre formed by mountains whose wide, majestic sweep impresses on this part of New England the features of Swiss scenery, has been for years favored with revivals of religion whose fruits have been enduring, and are now scattered abroad as teachers and preachers, throughout the United States, and in heathen countries.

The declamations of the younger scholars occupied the forenoon, and the original addresses of the older scholars, together with those of a class of five theological graduates, occupied the afternoon. The performances of this class were very satisfactory and in the following order:

Christian Energy a Requisite for the Age.
Influence of the Gospel in Libealizing the Mind.
Nature and Art and Life.
The Character Demanded in the Christian Ministry.

An Oration before the Literary Adelphi.
The Female Department is unsurpassed as a seminary of learning, under the direction of Miss COLBY. Professor SMITH has held his position as Principal, fifteen years.

The annual Oration before the Alumni was delivered in the village church on Wednesday evening by John A. Bolles, Esq, of Boston. His subject was "Christian Heroism." He spoke of the prevalence of hero-worship in all ages, glanced at the various definitions given of Heroism, from the days of Pindar down to Carlyle, exhibiting the true *Christian* idea in distinction from all that is Pagan and worldly, developed its mighty effects on character and society, the immense importance of a true conception of it to every young man, and the motives which urge him to cherish the holy ambition to realize it in actual life.

As soon as the closing benediction had been uttered, it was announced to the people that John A. Bolles, Esq., had acceded to the request which had been made by many that he would deliver a speech on the green in front of the church. Mr. Bolles had just returned fresh from the Buffalo Convention; and there was a strong desire on the part of numbers to hear his report of the doings of the Convention, and his exposition of the principles advocated by the friends of Free Soil. He took his stand, therefore, on the steps in front of the church, the crowd assembled before him on the green, half encircled by carriages filled with listeners. He depicted the aggressions of the slave power, its control over our national government, and the dread alternative before northern freemen, of successful resistance to its usurpations or the subjection of millions of their posterity to its withering, blighting policy, and to the curse of a just and righteous God. In spite of the warmth and the fatigues of the day, he was heard for more than an hour with profound interest. [Reflector and Watchman, Aug. 24.

ANNIVERSARY AT EAST WINDSOR. This delightful spot is not surpassed for beauty and arrangement by any literary or theological institution in New England. The public buildings, and houses of the professors, are ample and convenient. The main building for students is of brick, and is well finished and furnished. The chapel is a beautiful building. The theological institute of Connecticut was founded by the Pastoral Union, which now numbers about one hundred ministers of the gospel, who hold to the Saybrook platform. There is every human security, that the faith once delivered to the saints will be taught.

On Wednesday evening, Aug. 23, Rev. Dr. Addison Alexander, the learned commentator of Isaiah, from Princeton, gave an excellent address, in which were blended sound sense, good taste, keen satire and stirring eloquence. He enumerated some of the evils resulting from what he termed a seminary education, which are often urged against theological institutions, and showed how they were to be remedied.—He mentioned pedantry, and here he was severe on those who use great swelling words in their sermons, also on those who are disposed to alter our excellent Scriptures. He spoke of formality, by which he meant stiffness and stateliness in manner and language. He inculcated simplicity of character, and humility of spirit. He referred to another objection, ignorance of men and things. He came down upon all ignorance in a strain of indignant rebuke and biting sarcasm which evinced his great power. He named several other charges brought against theological seminaries and suggested the remedy, viz: prayer and study. The close of the address was tender and spirit stirring. Dr. Hodge and himself were the authors of the review of Dr. Spring in the Princeton Review.

On Thuisday the anniversary exercises of the institute took place. A large audience were present. The pieces were able and for the most part well spoken. Three of the graduating class are going on foreign missions. One of these three is the son of the President, Dr. Tyler. The following is a list of the subjects and speakers:—

1. The true idea of becoming all things to all men. 2. Union of the believer's life with Christ. 3. Pride of talent in the preacher. 4. Man a worshipper of the spiritual in his own likeness. 5. Denunciatory preaching. 6. Boldness in the preacher. 7. Reason in religion. 8. The conversion of the Jews, a peculiar blessing to the church. 9. The political and religious influence of Romanism. 10. The missionary enterprise a work of faith. 11. Nothing made for itself. 12. The ministers review of his labors at the close of life. [Extracted from the Boston Recorder.

WESTERN RESERVE COLLEGE. The commencement of this flourishing and well-conducted institution of the West, occured at Hudson on the 10th inst. The exercises were conducted in a large tent, which was densely filled with spectators and friends. The speaking of the graduates occupied both the morning and afternoon sessions. The Graduating Class consisted of fifteen members, who received the Bachelor's degree. The Master's degree was conferred on eight alumni in course, and on one out of course.

The honorary degree of A.M. was conferred on George A. Holbrook, of the Madison University, and Forest Shepherd, Professor of Geology in Western Reserve College.

There is also a Medical College connected with this institution, the Graduating Class of which consisted this year of sixty-eight members, who received the degree of M. D. The honorary degree of M. D. was conferred on S. N. Bissell, P. B. Johnson, Henry Beach and Henry S. Ferrill.

The oration before the Phi Beta Kappa was delivered by Prof. Long—subject, Literary Egotism.

The exercises of the Theological Department took place the preceding day. The following was the order of exercises:

1. The Progressive Development of Truth—Robert Hunter, Quincy, Ill; 2. The Conservative Influence of the Christian Ministry on the State—Eleroy Curtis, Scipio; 3. Man's Earthly Condition as Determined by the Economy of Grace—Lewis Godden, Newark; 4. The Connection between Philosophy and Religion—Charles W. Clapp, Hudson. 5. Adaptation to the age not Conformity to the World—Rufus Nutting, Lodi, Mich.

The address before the Society of Alumni was delivered in the evening by Rev. F. Maginnis, of Nelson, a member of the class of 1837.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE NEWTON THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION. This Institution, the present year, sent out only *five* young men. The Anniversary was held on Wednesday Aug 25.

The address before the Knowles' Rhetorical Society, on Tuesday afternoon, August 22d, was delivered by Rev. Prof. Edwards, of Andover. The subject of his address was, The present condition and future prospects of the Roman Catholic church, especially in Italy.

Tuesday evening, the Society of Religious Inquiry was addressed by Rev. William Hague. The theme of Mr. H. was founded on the second Psalm, showing the opposition of the governments of this world to the kingship of Christ, issuing, as it must, in their overthrow.

The address before the society of Alumni was delivered on Wednesday afternoon, by Rev. William Crowell, of Boston, who announced as his theme, *The Relation of the Christian Minister to the State.* The address was a very characteristic one, abounding in sharp hits and clear views, and kept up the attention of the audience to the close.

The following were the exercises of the Graduating Class:—

The Doctrine of Faith a pervasive element of useful Preaching; Sin included in the Original Plan of the Universe; Character of Ulric Von Hutton; Importance to the preacher of a Just View of Human Nature; The Christian Priesthood. [Refle

NEW HAVEN THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL. The graduating class consisted of only *eight*.

The Dissertations were on the following subjects: "Earnestness in Preaching," "The Moral Uses of Suffering," "The Power of Primitive Christianity," "Requisites for enforcing Divine Truth," Oxfordism no Cure for Liberal Christianity," "The Necessity of a well-regulated Conservatism," "Signs of Promise," "Instructive Preaching the great Element of Success in the Pulpit".

The graduates were from Ill. Mich. N. Y. and Conn.

CAMBRIDGE ALUMNI OF HALF A CENTURY. The Advertiser states that of the *eighteen* survivors of the class of 1798, (the class of Channing and Story,) *fifteen* were present at the recent Commencement.

[From the Reflector and Watchman].

DID CALVIN PERSECUTE SERVETUS?

Very lately, we heard a preacher of the Congregational denomination deny that Calvin persecuted Servetus, and called the assertion that he did so, a calumny. He said that Calvin gave information of Servetus to the Government of Geneva, but did not persecute him. This is meeting an assertion which is sustained by proof, by a mere negative assertion which has no proof at all, and tends more to injure Calvin's reputation, than a candid admission of his fault.

On Sunday, August 13th, 1533, Servetus, who was passing through Geneva, on his way to Naples, was arrested and thrown into prison by the agency of John Calvin, who denounced him to the chief Synic. According to the laws of Geneva at that period, no person could be arrested on Sunday, except for capital crime. Calvin procured the imprisonment of Servetus on the ground that he was a heretic, and that heresy was a capital crime. On the trial of Servetus, the legal prosecutor was La Fontaine, a preacher under Calvin, a member of his household.—Calvin furnished the evidence, and said afterwards in a letter, "La Fontaine demanded justice against him by my advice." Calvin also argued against Servetus in the Court, well knowing that if he fixed on him the charge of heresy, the punishment would be death. Calvin therefore was the chief agent in the condemnation of Servetus, and must ever bear the chief weight of glory or shame, which redounds from that act. Men may palliate it, and charge the blame on the spirit of the age, but let them not conceal the facts, or cast history into the mould of their own wishes and opinions.

Grand as was the intellectual work of Calvin in systematic theology, yet in relation to the whole subject of "Churchianity," his errors were enormous.—he believed that human beings under the Christian dispensation, are born into the church, as well as into the family and the State; he believed in the formal union of church and state; he believed in the right of the magistrate to punish heresy by the sword; hence his feelings against the heretic were such as ours would be against civil treason, or rebellion against the civil authority. Hence to many Baptists, it is a painful incongruity to use his name in giving a designation to a church, as is done by the phrase "Calvinistic Baptist church." It is said that his wife was a Baptist, and a most estimable lady, but the Reformer of Geneva was a strong anti-baptist. If, with all his splendid illustrations of Christianity, he had sat at the feet of Mrs. Calvin, to study "Churchianity," perhaps it had been better for himself, the church, and the world.

[The following articles belong to the *religious* history of the times. If "History is Philosophy teaching by examples," then the examples here furnished show us how abounding zeal for soundness in the faith may be divorced from the spirit of Christianity. They show us how some physicians who are forward to cure the diseases o others, may need the rebuke, Physician heal thyself. They show that our orthodox brethren have at present none too much love and harmony among themselves.

We introduce first an article which appeare in the *Puritan* a few weeks since.]

REVIVAL OF THE QUIETISTS.

Quite a little movement among the young misses in Hartford, Ct. has been created, by Dr Bushnell's having recommended from the pulpit the life of Madame Guyon. We understan that his recommendation of that work has bee warm and decided; and that on the strength o it, the book is having a great circulation there As the book has many of the features of a nove —the realities described in it being essential romance—it would be a very easy matter for a pulpit recommendation to give a new impulse to the circulation. Nor is it on the whole to be wondered at, that Dr. Bushnell should select this book, as a fit instrument of promoting the new school which he is founding. It is, in the main, very accordant with the general result of his own theories; and as it has the interest of a novel, it will contribute much to unsettle the minds of the young, and promote radical tendencies. We understand that Dr. Hawes has entered a caveat against the general reading of the book. At the close of a sermon he took occasion to remark to his people, in substance, that the reading of that book would have a different effect upon three different classes of persons:—1. Upon those of sceptical tendencies, it would aid to confirm their convictions against the reality of all religion. 2. By those of clear, discriminating judgment, well grounded in religious truth, it would be read with profit, as a happy illustration of some departments of the philosophy of mind—as showing the working of minds of a peculiar cast, in possession of certain errors. 3. On minds of an imaginative and romantic habit, its effects would be very injurious, in promoting extravagant views and a fanatical spirit.

How close a correspondence the new school of Dr. Bushnell will bear to that of Madame Guyon, time will determine. There will be probably an essential identity; and yet it is not to be expected of the Doctor, that he will adopt that or any other system from another author, in all its features. There must be enough of his own in the mingling of ingredients, to entitle him to the paternity of it. But be that as it may, it now seems very clear that Dr. Bushnell is to lead off and organize a distinct school, with more or less divergence from the prevalent evangelical system. He has, especially among the younger ministers, some ardent admirers. It is by the zeal and active agency of these, and the indifference of others, that he has been of late put forward as the orator for so many public occasions. His late appointment to preach the *Concio ad Clerum* at the commencement at New Haven, is in point.

His Association was called in its turn to nominate to the General Association the preacher for this occasion, and we were informed that the vote on the nomination stood six for Dr. Bushnell and five for Dr. Hawes: And the six were mostly young men; and to show that this appointment was made for the purpose of promoting the views of this school, the assignment of the subjects of the sermon, (though made in form by a committee of the Association, yet evidently suggested by the Doctor's admirers aforesaid) mounted him on one of his own hobbies—to wit, the relation of baptized children to the church. As these numerous appointments, showered on the Doctor just at this time, are evidently intended to make out a show of public concurrence in what is really revolting in his views, it is fit that the public should know by what agencies they are compassed.

EDITORIAL DISCOURTESY.

[The *N. Y. Evangelist* of the next week noticed the Puritan's article—giving it the heading as above; and after quoting parts of it, and denominating the last paragraph "a precious morsel of tattle," thus closed:]

"All this strikes us as highly disrespectful, not only to Dr. Bushnell but to the Association to which he belongs, and to the General Association of Connecticut. We do not think it argues any deeply-laid plot that the Hartford Association should "put forward" one of their ablest men to an important public service, and that the General Association should assign to him a topic of general interest, to which he was known to have given special attention.

Whatever the Puritan may please to think of Dr. B's theological opinions, it will certainly not thrust him out of the pale of those who have a right to fair treatment and a candid construction. We too, have our opinions of those sentiments; but we think him an honest man and a gentleman, and quite above the meanness of seeking to advance himself by underhand juggling or artifice of any kind.

[The *Puritan* received the reproof of his brother *Evangelist* not exactly in the spirit manifested by the author of the 141st Psalm—"Let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness: and let him reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil that shall not break my head." The following is the Puritan's reply.]

"EDITORIAL DISCOURTESY."

Our Brother of the N. Y. Evangelist is informed that it would be quite as *courteous* in him to leave to whom it may concern, the balancing of the score of courtesy between us and Dr. Bushnell. We take the liberty to remind him of an ancient proverb: "He that passeth by and meddleth with strife that belongeth not to him, is like one that taketh a dog by the ears." Prov. 26: 17.

If it be incourteous in us to speak of the public acts of corrupters of the truth, and of the acts of ministerial Associations, after their results are public, how shall we characterize this *interference* of the Evangelist, taking into view its cause, manner and spirit? Is *this* the courtesy which he would recommend? or do not laws of courtesy bind except in relation to the abettors of error? But the Editor seems to have expected to overwhelm and silence us forever, by the long catalogue of appointments which have of late fallen to the Doctor:

"Within a few years past Dr. B. has been called to address the Alumni of Yale College, the Connecticut Historical Society, the Hartford Agricultural Society, the American Home Missionary Society, and to deliver Lyceum lectures innumerable; also he was appointed to address the Divinity students at Cambridge, to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa Oration there likewise, to give an address at Andover Theological Seminary, and to preach the Annual Sermon before the Society for Promoting Collegiate Education at the West—which last appointment he has declined for want of time."

Now, though we confess this to be somewhat formidable, we see not how it sustains the Editor's charges, against us of "editorial discourtesy"—"highly discourteous in many respects"—"a precious morsel of tattle"—"highly disrespectful not only to Dr. Bushnell." Our bump of reverence is not quite so expanded that we are awed to silence by a name of one who has delivered "Lyceum Lectures innumerable." Dr. B. and every other public man is publicly responsible for his public acts, and for the use which he makes of his public influence. And the more Lyceum Lectures he delivers, the more he lengthens the line of his exposure to public animadversion. Nor has he given the public any example of tenderness towards the name and reputation of others, which should procure from them special forbearance, and silent acquiesence in his propagation of error.

Speaking of Dr. Bushnell's sentiments, the Editor says: "We, too, have our opinion of these sentiments." Of this we are glad to be informed. For he has been very careful of late not to express those opinions. Most other papers, orthodox and heterodox have expressed opinions freely. But the Evangelist in the greatness of his *courtesy*, has kept silence. This he had a perfect right to do, as between him and us, except that his opinions of the Dr.'s sentiments might throw light on his judgment of our courtesy.

[Really, this is rather vague, and if we had been in the place of the Evangelist, we should have felt that we had been tied by sad experience the last clause of the sentence referred to, if not the first.—Doubtless the Puritan *has* "a score to balance between him and Dr. Bushnell," as anybody will see who will take the trouble to read the last paragraph but two in the "Argument for Discourses on Christian Nurture," where Dr. B. speaks of certain "religious newspaper." (The paragraph is quoted in the *Register* of Sept. 18, 1847.) To interpose therefore between the Puritan and Dr. Bushnell, with any purpose to thwart the retribution which the former was seeking to inflict was too grevious to be borne with meekness by any one who has not more of that grace than the Puritan.

But there is a little more Epic still in the affair. The following appeal in the *New England Religious Herald*, published at Hartford Ct.; and, by the way, it is the same paper which contained the article on Unitrians in connection with the name of *Coleridge*, noticed in the Register of July 1.]

DR. BUSHNELL—THE PURITAN, AND HARTFORD CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.

MR. EDITOR—As you are aware, it is the custom in this State for the Associations to nominate, each in its turn, the preacher of the Concio ad Clerum—the *subject* of discourse being appointed *by the General Association* the year previous.

In accordance with this custom, the General Association last year gave out as the subject of the Concio for 1848, "The Divinity of Christ"—it being well understood that this topic was suggested by one of the Professors of the East Windsor Institute.

It fell to the lot of the Harford Central Association to nominate the preacher this year, and their choice fell upon Dr. Bushnell—not from any disrespect or lack of love for Dr. Hawes—the other candidate—but because some thought there would be particular pertinency in the nomination of Dr. Bushnell to preach on the subject which had been appointed. Nor was this choice made solely by "the younger ministers." The first vote stood *six* for Dr. Bushnell, and *four* for Dr. Hawes—and among the six were some of the oldest ministers of the Association. After this Dr. Hawes withdrew his name and Dr. Bushnell was chosen.

At the meeting of the General Association which was holden subsequently, it appears that "The relation of baptized children to the Church" was given out as the subject of the Concio for 1849.

Now, out of these transactions, which we have a right to regard as among our "family affairs," the *New England Puritan*, of July 13th, fabricates the following fictitious and unlovely paragraph, in an attack upon Dr. Bushnell.

* * * * * "He has, especially among the younger ministers, some ardent admirers.—It is by the zeal and active agency of these, and the indifference of others, that he has been of late put forward as the orator for so many public occasions. His late appointment to preach the *Concio ad Clerum* at the commencement at New Haven, is in point. His Association was called in its turn to nominate to the General Association the preacher for this occasion, and we were informed that the vote on the nomination stood six for Dr. Bushnell and five for Dr. Hawes. And the six were mostly young men; and to show that this appointment was made for the sake of promoting the views of this school, the assignment of the subjects of the sermon, (though made in form by a committee of the Association, yet evidently suggested by the Dr's admirers aforesaid,) mounted him on one of his own hobbies—to wit, the relations of baptized children to the church. As those numerous appointments, showered on the Doctor just at this time, are evidently intended to make out a show of public concurrence in what is really revolting in his views, it is fit that the public should know by what agencies they are compassed."

On comparing this extract with the foregoing statement, both the mistatements and the spirit which evidently dictated them will readily appear. And in closing our notice of the case—which though late we think had better not be omitted—permit us to make three suggestions which seem to be both appropriate and seasonable.

1. The conductors of the Puritan would do well to remember that even Editors may make themselves "*busy bodies, in other men's matters.*"

2. Whatever estimate the Puritan Editors may place upon Dr. Bushnell's piety and doctrine, it is evidently neither in good taste or in keeping with the Christian Spirit to endeavor to treat them with contempt.

3. Whatever they may think with respect to the neighborhood of Boston, it needs little penetration to perceive that scurrility, low personalities and a spirit of sectarian partizanship, which would admirably fraternize with a faction in France, are not well adapted to advance sound doctrine or do good among the Churches of Connecticut.

§ *Several Pastors of the*
§ *Hartford Central Association.*

August 9th, 1848.

A SYNODICAL SERMON—CLERICAL SELF-COMPLACENCY.

There is a vast deal of dry preaching that goes under the name of evangilical, among the sects that claim to be evangilical, and a vast deal of Spiritual pride and ridiculous self-complacency, that assumes the guise of regard for purity of doctrine, and soundness in the faith.—The following from the *Puritan*, of course from a credible witness.

At Rochester, I learned that the Synod of Buffalo—Old School—was in session. Wishing to see the representatives and ministers of this body, I concluded to attend its session.—The Synod met in Rev. Mr. Cheeseman's Church—a gentleman who at this moment has some fame, being cried down by the New School, and cried up by the Old. His church is a small wooden building, formerly occupied by the Universalists, and by them abandoned for one more eligible. It is probably the meanest-looking public edifice in Rochester; is incapable of holding more than two hundred persons. On both sides of the door, nailed up, I saw notices of Mr. Cheeseman's book, with the commendations of the "Repertory" and others.—The Synod is a small body when fully represented; but few were present. The Synodical Sermon on the Place and Value of the Law, was a dry performance. From it, we learned that "the Law came by Moses;" but we did not learn that "grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." I never heard so long a sermon from an evangelical minister, that had so little of Jesus Christ in it. The Sermon in the evening was not much better in this respect.

I have been both amused and provoked at the manner in which some ministers, out of New England, speak of our mode of preaching. The tone is self congratulatory; and the notion of superiority over all New England, is very apparent. A minister of your city preached in one of the principal churches in this region, and in my hearing, he was congratulated on the orthodox of the discourse, and the boldness of the utterance; while the preacher who congratulated the speaker, expressed himself highly gratified that the "Boston people" could hear such doctrine. Nor is this confined to the Old or New School. You hear it on all sides. I have heard some preaching out of New England: the preachers do differ from us in some things; and when there is an approximation, I hope it will not be by a change on our part. They go into the pulpit with more of a jump than we do; they thump the Bible more; pay less attention to outward reverence in the pulpit: say hell and damnation oftener and louder; and in speaking in the pulpit of a Unitarian meeting-house, call it a "synagogue of Satan." But for the plain presentation of "Christ crucified;" an affectionate exhortation and exhibition of evangelical truth in its connection and in its harmony, New England has no need to hang her head in shame."

From the National Era.

STRAY LEAVES
FROM
MARGARET SMITH'S DIARY,
IN THE
COLONY OF MASSACHUSETTS.

(Continued.)

Invitation and Ride to Haverhill.—The worshipful Major Saltonstall and his wife, and their residence.—Dr. Benjamin Thompson of Roxbury.—Cousin Rebecca.—Rev. Mr. Ward of Haverhill, and his father of Ipswich.—Rev. Mr. Phillips of Rowley.—Rev. Mr. Cotton of Boston, angered, and the cause thereof.—Margaret's brother Leonard, who was a student for the ministry under Mr. Ward.

Last night, brother Leonard, who is studying with the learned Mr. Ward, the minister at Haverhill, came down, in the companie of the worshiptul Major Saltonstall, who hath business with Esquire Dummer and other magistrates of this place. Mr. Saltonstall's wife Elizabeth, the daughter of Mr. Ward, sent by her husband and my brother a verie kind and pressing invitation to Rebecca and myself to make a visit to her; and Mr. Salstonstall did also urge the matter strongly. So we did agree to goe with them the day after to-morrow.

Nov. ye 19.—Leonard and Mr. Richardson, talking upon the matter of the ministry, disagreed not a little. Mr. Richardson says my brother hath got into his head manie unscriptural notions, and that he will never be of service in the Church untill he casts them off. He saith, moreover, that he shall write to Mr. Ward concerning the errors of the young man. His words troubling me, I straightway discoursed my brother as to the points of difference between them; but he, smiling, said it was a long storie, but that some time he would tell me the substance of the disagreement, bidding me have no fear in his behalf, as what had displeasured Mr. Richardson had arisen onlie from tenderness of conscience.

Haverhill Nov. ye 22.—Left Newbury day before yesterday. The day cold, but sunshiny, and not unpleasant. Mr. Saltonstall's business calling him that way, we crossed over the ferry to Salisbury, and, after a ride of about an hour, to the Falls of the Powow river, where a great stream of water rushes violently down the rocks, into a dark wooded valley, and from thence runs into the Merrimack, about a mile to the South East. A wild sight it was, the water swollen by the rains of the season, foaming and dashing among the rocks and the trees, which latter were well nigh stripped of their leaves. Leaving this place, we went on towards Haverhill. Just before we entered that town, we overtook an Indian, with a fresh wolf's skin hanging over his shoulder. As soon as he saw us, he tried to hide himself in the bushes; but Mr. Saltonstall, riding up to him, asked him if he did expect Haverhill folks to pay him 40 shillings for killing that Amesbury wolf? "How you know Amesbury wolf?" asked the Indian. "Oh!" said Mr. Saltonstall, "you can't cheat us again, Simon. You must be honest, and tell no more lies, or we will have you whipped for your tricks." The Indian thereupon looked sullen enough, but at length he begged Mr. Saltonstall not to tell where the wolf was killed, as the Amesbury folks did now refuse to pay for anie killed in their town; and as he was verie poor, and his squaw was sick and could do no work, he did much need the money. Mr. Saltonstall told him he would send his wife some corn meal and bacon, when he got home, if he would come for them, which he promised to do.

When he had ridden off, and left him, Mr. Saltonstall told us that this Simon was a bad Indian, who when in drink was apt to be saucie and quarrelsome; but that his wife was a verie decent bodie for a savage, having long maintained herself and children and her lazy cross husband, by hard labor in the cornfields and at the fisheries.

Haverhill lieth very pleasantlie on the river side, the land about hilly and broken, but of good quality. Mr. Saltonstall liveth in a statelie house for these parts, not far from that of his father-in-law, the learned Mr. Ward. Elizabeth, his wife, is a fair, pleasing young woman, not unused to companie, their house being frequented by manie of the first people in the province, as well as by strangers of distinction from other parts of the country. We had scarcelie got well through our dinner, (which was abundant and savory, being greatlie relished by our hunger,) when two gentlemen came riding up to the door; and on their coming in, we found them to be the young Doctor Clark, of Boston, a son of the old Newbury physician, and Dr. Benjamin Thompson, of Roxbury, who I hear is not a little famous for his ingenious poetry and witty pieces on manie subjects. He was, moreover, an admirer of my cousin Rebecca; and on learning of her betrothal to Sir Thomas, did write a most despairing verse to her, comparing himself to all manner of lonesome things, soe that when Rebecca showed it to me, I told her I did fear the poor young gentleman would put an end to himself, by reason of his great sorrow and disquiet; whereat she laughed heartlie, bidding me not fear, for she knew the writer too well to be troubled thereat, for he loved nobody soe well as himself, and that under no provocation would he need the Apostle's advice to the jailer, "*Doe thyself no harm.*" All which I found to be true—he being a gay, witty man, full of a fine conceit of himself, which is not so much to be marvelled at, as he hath been greatly flattered and sought after.

The excellent Mr. Ward spent the evening with us; a pleasant, social old man, much beloved by his people. He told us a great deal about the earlie settlement of the town, and of the grievous hardships which manie did undergo the first season, from cold, and hunger, and sickness. He thought, however, that, with all their ease and worldlie prosperitie, the present generation were less happy and contented than their fathers; for there was now a great striving to outdo each other in luxury and gay apparel, the Lord's day was not soe well kept as formerlie, and the drinking of spirits and frequenting of ordinaries and places of public resort greatlie increased. Mr. Saltonstall said the Warre did not a little domoralize the people, and that since the soldiers came back, there had been much trouble in Church and State. The General Court, two years ago, had enacted severe laws against the provoking evils of the times: profaneness, sabbath-breaking, drinking and revelling to excess, loose and sinful conduct on the part of the young and unmarried, Pride in dress, attending Quakers' meetings and neglect of attendance upon Divine worship; but these laws had never been well enforced, and he feared too manie of the magistrates were in the condition of the Dutch justice in the New York Province, who, when a woman was brought before him, charged with robbing a hen-roost, did request his brother on the bench to pass sentence upon her; for, said he, if I send her to the whippingpost, the wench will crie out against me as her accomplice.

Doct. Clark said his friend, Doct. Thompson, had written a long piece on this untoward state of our affairs, which he hoped soon to see in print, inasmuch as it did hold the looking-glass to the face of this generation, and shame it by its comparison with that of the generation which had passed. Mr. Ward said he was glad to hear of it, and hoped his ingenious friend had brought the manuscript with him, whereupon, the young gentleman said he did take it along with him, in the hope to benefit it by Mr. Ward's judgement and learning, and with the leave of the companie he would read the Prologue thereof. To which we all agreeing, he read what follows, which I copy from his book.

The times wherein old PUMPKIN was a saint,
When men fared hardlie, yet without complaint,
On vilest cates; the daintie Indian maize
Was eat with clam-shells out of wooden trayes,
Under thatched roofs, without the crie of rent,
And the best sawce to every dish, Content.
These golden times (too fortunate to hold)
Were quicklie sinned away for love of gold.
'Twas then among the bushes, not the street,
If one in place did an inferior meet,
'Good morrow, brother! Is there aught you want?
Take freely of me what I have, you han't.'
Plain Tom and Dick would pass as current now,
As ever since 'Your servant, sir,' and bow.
Deep-skirted doublets, puritanick capes,
Which now would render men like upright apes,
Was comelier wear, our wise old fathers thought,
Than the cast fashions from all Europe brought.
'Twas in those days an honest grace would hold
Till an hot pudding grew at heart a-cold,
And men had better stomachs for religion,
Than now for capon, turkey-cock, or pidgeon;
When honest sisters met to praye, not prate,
Anout their own and not their neighbors' state,
During Plain Dealing's reign, that worthy stud
Of the ancient planter-race before the flood.
Thase times were good: merchants cared not a rush
For other fare than Jonakin and Mush.
And though men fared and lodged verie hard,
Yet Innocence was better than a guard.
'Twas long before spiders and worms had drawn
Their dingy webs, or hid with cheating lawne.
New England 's beauties, which still seemed to me
Illustrious in their own simplicitie.
'Twas ere the neighboring Virgin Land had broke
The bogsheads of her worse than hellish smoke;
'Twas ere the islands sent their presents in,
Which but to use was counted next to sin;
'Twas ere a barge had made so rich a freight
As chockolate, dust-gold, and bits of eight;
Ere wines from France and Muscovadoe too,
Without the which the drink will scarcelie doe;
From Western Isles, ere fruit and delicasies
Did rot maids' teeth and spoil their handsome faces;
Or ere these times did chance the nosse of Warre
Was from our times and hearts removed far.
Then had the Churches rest; as yet, the coals
Were covered up in most contentious souls;
Freeness in judgment, union in affection,
Dear love, sound truth, they were our grand protection.
Then were the times in which our Councils sate,
These gave prognosticks of our future state;
If these be longer lived our hopes increase,
These warres will usher in a longer peace;
But if New England's love die in its youth,
The grave will open next for blessed Truth.

"This theme is out of date; the penceful hours
When Castles needed not, but pleasant bowers.
Noth ok, but blood and tears now serve their turn
To draw the figure of New England's mn.
New England's hour of passion is at hand,
Noe power except divine can it withstand.
Scarce has her glass of fifty years run oute
Than her old prosperous steeds turne heads about;
Tracking themselves back to their poor beginnings,
To fear and fare upon the frnits of sinnings.
So that this mirror of the Chri tian world
Lies burnt to heaps in part, her streamers furled;
Grief sighs, joys flee, and dismal fears surprise,
Not dastard spirits only, but the wise.

"Thus have the fairest hopes deceived the eye
Of the big-swoln expectants standing by:
So the proud ship, after a little turn,
Sinks in the Ocean's armes to find its urne:
Thus hath the heir to manie thousands borne
Been in an instant from his mother torn;
Even thus thy infant cheek begins to pale,
And thy supporters through great losses fail.
This is the Prologue to thy future woe—
The Epilogue no mortal yet can know."

Mr. Ward was much pleased with the verses, saying that they would doe honor to anie writer. Rebecca thought the lines concerning the long grace verie happy, and said she was reminded of the wife of the goodlie Mr. Ames, who prided herself on her skill in housewifery and cookery; and on one occasion, seeing a nice pair of roasted fowls growing cold under her husband's long grace, was fain to jog his elbow, telling him that if he did not stop soon, she feared they would have small occasion for thankfulness for their spoiled dinner. Mr. Ward said he was once travelling in companie with Mr. Phillips, of Rowley, and Mr. Parker, of Newbury, and stopping all night at a poor house neare the sea shore, the woman thereof brought into the room for their supper a great wooden tray, full of something nicely covered up by a clean linen cloth. It proved to be a dish of boiled clams, in their shells; and as Mr. Phillips was remarkable in his thanks for aptly citing passages of Scripture with regard to whatsoever food was upon the table before him, Mr. Parker and himself did greatlie wonder what he could say of this dish; but he, nothing put to it, offered thanks that now as formerlie, the Lord's people were enabled to partake of the *abundance of the seas,and treasures hid in the sands.* "Whereat," said Mr. Ward, "we did find it soe hard to keep sober countenances, that our good hostess was not a little disturbed, thinking we were mocking her poor fare; and we were fain to tell her the cause of our mirth, which was indeed ill-timed."

Dr. Clarke spake of Mr. Ward's father the renowned minister at Ipswich, whose poem of "The Simple Cobbler of Agawam," was much admired. Mr. Ward said that some of the witty turns therein did give much offence at the time of its printing, but that his father could never spoil his joke for the sake of friends, albeit he had no malice towards anie one, and was always readie to do a good, even to his enemies. He once even greatlie angered his old and true friend, Mr. Cotton, of Boston. "It fell out in this wise," said Mr. Ward. "When the arch heretic and fanatist Gorton and his crew were in prison in Boston, my father and Mr. Cotton went to the jail window to see them; and after some little discourse with them, he told Gorton that if he had done or saied anie thing which he could with a clear conscience renounce, he would do well to recant the same, and the Court, he doubted not, would be merciful; adding; that it would be no disparagement for him to do so, as the best of men were liable to err—as, for instance, his brother Cotton here generally did preach that one year, which he publicklie repented of before his congregation the next year."

The evening passed away in a verie pleasant and agreeable manner. We had rare nuts and apples, and pears of Mr. Saltonstall's raising, wonderfullie sweet and luscious. The wines were moreover of good qualitie, and our young gentlemen did not fail in doing justice to them: for, long after we retired to our beddes, we could hear them talking and laughing in the great hall below, notwithstanding that Mr. Ward, when he took leave, bade Dr. Thompson take heed to his own hint concerning the

"Wines from France and Muscovadoe too;"

to which the young wit replied, that there was Scripture warrant for his drinking, inasmuch as the command was, to *give wine to those that be of heavy heart. Let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more*; and, for his part, he had been little better than miserable ever since he heard of Rebecca's betrothal. A light, careless man, but of good parts, and as brave a talker as I have heard since I have been in the Colonie.

Nov'r ye 24—Mr. Ward's negro girl Dinah came for me yesterday, saying that her master did desire to see me. Soe, marvelling greatlie what he wanted, I went with her, and was shown into the study. Mr. Ward saied he had sent for me to have some discourse in regard to my brother Leonard, who he did greatlie fear was likelie to make shipwreck of the faith; and that Mr. Richardson had written him concerning the yonng man, telling him that he did visit the Quakers when at Newbury, and even went over to their conventicle at Hampton, on the Lord's day, in the companie of the Brewster familie, noted Quakers and ranters. He had the last evening had some words with the lad, but with small satisfaction. Being sorelie troubled by this account, I begged him to send for Leonard, which he did, and, when he did come into the room, Mr. Ward told him that he might see by the plight of his sister (for I was in tears) what a great grief, he was like to bring upon his familie and friends, by running out into heresies. Leonard said he was sorrie to give trouble to anie one, least of all to his beloved sister; that he did indeed goe to the Quaker's meeting, on one occasion, to judge for himself concerning this people, who are everywhere spoken against; and that he must say he did hear or see nothing in their worshippe contrary to the Gospel. Their was, indeed, but little said, but the words were savory and scriptural. "But they denie the Scriptures," cried Mr. Ward, "and set above them what they call the Light which I take to be nothing better than their own imaginations." "I do not soe understand them," said Leonard; "I think they doe diligentlie study the Scriptures, and seek to conform their lives to its teachings; and for the Light of which they speak, it is borne witness to not only in the Bible, but by the earlie Fathers, and devout men of all ages. I doe not goe to excuse the Quakers in all that they have done, nor to defend all their doctrines and practices, manie of which I see no warrant in Scripture for, but believe to be pernicious and contrary to good order: yet I must need look upon them as a sober, earnest-seeking people, who doe verilie think themselves persecuted for righteousness' sake." Hereupon Mr. Ward struck his cane smartlie on the floor, and looking severely at my brother, bade him beware how he did justify these canting and false pretenders, "They are," he saied, "either sad knaves, or silly enthusiasts—they pretend to Divine Revelation, and set up Prophets; like the Rosycrucians and Gnosticks, they profess to a knowledge of things beyond what plain Scripture reveals. The best that can be said of them is, that they are befooled by their own Fancies, and the victims of Distempered Brains, and ill habits of Bodie. Then their ranting against the Gospel order of the Church, and against the ministers of Christ, calling us all manner

with just sentiments and feelings, at the same time, that they had been taught useful knowledge. And with this text he went on to deliver an admirable discourse on intellectual training, moral discipline, and religious culture, which left no room to regret the loss of the most elaborate and finished oration, which the young men will carry with them, I am sure, to their dying day. He drew to the life a contrasted picture of Mirabeau and of John Quincy Adams; the former of whom wanted nothing but weight of *character* and *moral* influence to have ruled and saved France in the stormiest day of her first Revolution; while the latter, his political enemies being judges, never did a public act which he did not believe to be right, and from the time he learned it from the lips of his mother to the day of his death beneath the dome of the capitol, full of years and of honors, never retired to rest at night without repeating the simple and beautiful words of the child's evening prayer.—And then with an earnestness which came from the very bottom of his heart, and went thrilling through the ears down to the inmost souls of his hearers, he besought the youth before him, to guard and cherish and adorn a good moral and religious character, and to remember that *character* is made up of the *conduct* of the whole life from the cradle to the grave, insomuch that if the young men would sow wild oats, they must expect to reap a crop of wild oats, and if they sowed the wind they would reap the whirlwind. I was proud of the institution that could furnish such a text. I was still more proud of the Governor who could and would preach such a sermon—a sermon, which a good minister said would benefit that audience more than all his preaching for ten years. [Northamptou Cour.

THE FAIR FORM OF TRUTH.

[From the Preface to the Devout Life of St. Francis de Sales.]

Alexander caused the picture of his fair Campaspe to be drawn by the hand of the celebrated Apelles; as the painter was obliged to look upon her for a considerable time together, as fast as he drew her features in his picture, the love of them became insensibly imprinted in his heart. The circumstance coming to the knowledge of Alexander, taking pity on Apelles, he gave her to him in marrage, depriving himself, for his sake, of the woman whom he loved most in the world; in which action, says Pliny, he showed the greatness of his mind as much as he could have done by the most signal victory. Now I am of opinion, beloved reader, that it is the will of God, that I being a bishop, should paint upon the hearts of his people, not only common virtues, but also his most dear and well beloved devotion. And I willingly undertake the office, as well in obedience to him, and to discharge my duty, as with the hope, that by engraving her in the minds of others, my own may become enamored with her beauty. Now if ever this Divine Majesty shall see me passionately in love with her, he will give her to me in an eternal marriage. The fair and chaste Rebecca, watering Isaac's camels, was destined to be his wife, and received, on his part, golden ear-rings and bracelets. Thus do I flatter myself, through the infinite goodness of God, that whilst I conduct his dear sheep to the wholesome waters of devotion, he will make my soul his spouse, putting in my ears the golden words of his holy love; and on my arms, strength to practice good works, in which consists the essence of true devotion; which I humbly beseech his Divine Majesty to grant to me, and all the children of his Church, to which I for ever submit my writings, my actions, my words, my thoughts and inclinations.

PERFECTION.

[From St. Francis de Sales, Bishop of Geneva. Died 1622.]

The angels upon Jacob's ladder had wings, yet they flew not, but ascended and desended in order from one step to another. The soul that rises from sin to devotion may be compared to the dawning of the day, which at its approach expels not the darkness instantaneously, but by little and little. The cure, says the medical aphorism, which is made leisurely, is always the most perfect. The diseases of the heart, as well as those of the body, come posting on horseback, but depart leisurely on foot. Courage and patience then, Philothea! are necessary in this enterprise. Alas! how much are those souls to be pitied, who, perceiving themselves subject to many imperfections, after having for a while exercised themselves in devotion, begin to be dissatisfied, troubled and discouraged, and suffer their hearts to be almost overcome with the temptation of forsaking all, and returning back to their former course of life. But on the other hand, are not those souls also in extreme danger, who, by a contrary temptation, believe themselves quite purified from their imperfections the first day of their purgation, who think themselves perfect, though as yet scarcely formed, and presume to fly without wings! O Philothea! in what danger are they of relapsing, being so soon out of the physician's hands! *It is vain for you to rise before light*, says the prophet, Ps. cxxvi. 2, *rise after you have sitten*; and he himself practised this lesson; for having been already washed and cleansed, he desires to be washed and cleansed still more and more, Ps. l. 3.

The exercise of purifying the soul neither can nor ought to end but with our life; let us not then be disturbed at the sight of our imperfections, for perfection consists in fighting against them; and how can we fight against them without seeing them, or overcome them without encountering them! Our victory consists not in being insensible to them, but in refusing hem our consent: now to be displeased with them, is not to consent to them. It is absolutely necessary for the exercise of our humility, that we should sometimes meet with wounds in this spiritual warfare; but then we are never overcome, unless we either lose our life or our courage.—Now imperfections or venial sins cannot deprive us of our spiritual life, which is not lost but by mortal sins. It then only remains, that we lose not our courage. Save me, O Lord! said David, from pusillanimity of spirit, or cowardice and faint-heartedness. It is happy for us that in this warfare we shall always be victorious, provided we do but fight.

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BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 9, 1848.

THE OCEAN.

"The sea is his, and he made it." If one were inclined to be skeptical respecting the existence of God, he would find it difficult to retain his doubts, while looking forth from some bold bluff upon the sea, or walking in thoughtful mood upon its shore, or borne over its fathomless depths. Those most familiar with its wonders, whatever else they may be, are never atheists. A sailor, whose person and demeanor had caught the hue of all that is terrific in the sea, but none of the calm and beautiful; whose hoary head, bleached with the howling winds and washing waves of many years, was not "a crown of glory," but seemed a cold snow-summit of a barren granite mountain; who made use of such shocking profanity, that he might have been thought to have no other idea of a God than of one to swear by—was narrating a perilous adventure, in which his boat was overturned, and his companion dashed on the rocks, but he himself, though unable to swim, was saved. Well, friend, said a listener, I suppose you felt very grateful. Can you think, he replied, I did not feel grateful! Quite unexpectedly he assomed a subdued tone of voice, as he repeated his expressions of gratitude to God; and from this he passed to confess the tyranny of his passions, and lament the hardness of his heart. Here was apparently a wretch of utter callousness of heart, "a mean and shameless drunkard," as some called him, but who still had a pulse beating in harmony with that ever-sounding undertone of the waves upon the shore—declaring that there is a God, worthy to be loved and obeyed. A sailor, a dweller on the seas, and an atheist! He cannot be found.—The ocean has impressed the lesson of God's being and power so deeply on his heart, that it is the more legible, as in bas-relief, from the rest being so worn away.

What an object of contemplation is the sea! Image of God's immutability and eternity! It is the same unchanged and unchangeable sea, that the stars have looked down upon since the morning of the creation. The primeval forests have disappeared, mountains have been leveled and vallies exalted; empires and cities have again and again risen and fallen. But in the midst of all changes, the ocean is unchanged.—He who knew the country in the days of our fathers, would see now, if he could return, all things become new, but it would be the same old ocean laving the shores, like an old servant attending a new master. The red man who should come back to his former hunting grounds, where he had left the wilderness fresh as he found it, would see scarcely a familiar object, until his feet standing on the coasts where his bark canoe once skimmed the waters' surface, he would greet the roar of the breaking billow, and the rolling of the deep blue sea, as the same his childhood heard and saw, whether he beheld ocean spread out, a molten mirror reflecting the smile, or rising up in towering might exhibiting the frown, of the Great Spirit.

Image of God's immensity! That wide expanse of waters reaching from pole to pole, embosoming the isles, and stretching its arms around the continents. The paths of the sea, how innumerable! Those unknown depths which plummet has never sounded! There is mystery in the sea!

Image of God's power! How like feathers on its surface it tosses the largest naval structures, now lifting them to the clouds, now plunging them into its depths, or dashing them to pieces on the rocks, or breaking them apart as by giant arms on the quicksands.

Image also of the divine beauty and tenderness! You look and its waves are rushing toward you on the shore, as though they would swallow you up, like a wild beast roaring for his prey; in an instant they bow in homage as if acknowledging man's dominion, and the wave comes fawningly and sparklingly to your feet, and then retires to the depths whence it came. Your awe and terror are turned into delight, and the child "lays its hand on the ocean's mane."

Our interest in the ocean is heightened by the consideration, that it is the home of many who are dear to us. There are chords of affection that spread out all over its surface, cling round its isles, and reach to its most distant shores.—We feel called upon to exercise a loving trust for the dear friends whom we commit to its care. May the waves and winds waft them safely!—And notwithstanding all that we have been accustomed to consider dangerous and treacherous in the ocean—how safely have our friends been again and again borne on its bosom to distant climes, and restored in safety to our embrace.—The ocean has great perils indeed, but so has the land. There are perils in every path of duty and adventure. Calamities strew not only the sea, but the dry land. They meet those whose paths are on the sea, not oftener than they do the dwellers on the shore. To us who go not forth, the billows seem unstable, but it is chiefly our inexperience that makes them so. In reality there is more sorrow on the land than on the sea, because there are more to encounter and feel it, crowded into a narrower territory that occupies only one fourth of the globe.—The land has more terrific chronicles of disasters. What shall we say of volcanoes and earthquakes, that have buried whole cities with their inhabitants in one instant common destruction! What of conflagrations that have consumed, at midnight, father, mother, and children! What of the destructive pestilence that walketh in darkness, and wasteth at noon-day! It wasteth not on the sea. The paths of the sea it doth not travel; and if it smites the sailor, it finds him where its deadly breath can reach him only when near the shore.

We think of the sea as the home of innumerable dead, and no monument marks the spot where their remains repose. None can go and weep over their grave. But what is there to designate the precise spot where millions repose, whose couch is spread beneath the clods of the valley! A few generations, or centuries, and the dead who are buried on the land, lie undistinguished and undistinguishable, as the dead who have been committed to the ocean-bed.—Let not those be lamented for their own sakes, who slumber in the depths of the ocean, far down where the storms that ruffle the surface cannot disturb the place of their repose, nor where any future burial can ever trouble the remains that have been previously committed to their final resting place.

The ocean is not itself so treacherous as we suppose. It is man's treachery and unequal ways that cause the greatest danger. There is given to the sailor to nerve him against peril, that which only makes him reckless, and when he is sent aloft in the storm renders his eye less steady, his hold less firm, and he falls and perishes. Or at a time when the greatest promptness and coolness are required, orders are issued which every sign in the heavens and sea admonishes not to give, and the vessel is smitten by a mountain wave on which otherwise it might have rode in triumph, and it founders in the seas.—When shall we entirely cease to send along with the sailor an element so much more destructive than that on which he goes forth in ships! The change that has taken place to some extent already yields its fruits in fewer lives and treasures lost. Shall not the time come when life on the ocean shall be disassociated from all thoughts of danger save that which is common to man, and when it shall be deemed safe to follow the great Parent whose footsteps are on the seas, and who invites his children to go safely where he himself leads!

MR. WEBSTER AND MR. APPLETON ON THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

These distinguished gentlemen have expressed themselves on slavery in a manner in which, while it receives our respectful consideration, we find ourselves unable entirely to concur. We have not space for all we wish to say on the subject in a single article, and therefore shall defer a portion—the relation of abolition efforts to opinion at the South—to a future paper.

In the speech of Mr. Webster at the concluding session of the Senate, (given in the *Register* of Aug. 26,) he thus expresses himself:

"I say that all agitations and attempts to disturb the relations between master and slave, by persons not living in the slave States, are unconstitutional in their spirit, and are, in my opinion, productive of nothing but evil and mischief. I countenance none of them. The manner in which the government of those States where slavery exists are to regulate it, is for their own consideration, under their responsibility to their constituents, to the general laws of propriety, humanity, and justice, and to God. Associations formed elsewhere, springing from a feeling of humanity, or any other cause, have nothing whatever to do with it. They have never received any encouragement from me and they never will. In my opinion, they have done nothing but to delay and defeat their own professed objects."

In accordance with this, we suppose, is Mr Appleton's dissuasive from direct effort, contained in his letter to Mr. Danforth as given in last week's *Register*:

"As to the existence of slavery in the slave States, secured by the constitution, I see no reason why we of the free States should make ourselves very unhappy about it. Why not leave it to the parties immediately concerned! It is a matter sufficiently troublesome without our interference."

If these sentiments are right and well founded, and these counsels proper to be acted upon, then they are conclusive not simply against voluntary associations, but against all effort of any kind whatsoever—against any individual effort, such for instance as the Letter of Dr. Channing to Henry Clay—to affect the public mind not only at the South, but much more the public mind at the North on the subject of slavery. Now it seems to us, perhaps improperly, a very decided contravention of the dictates of Christianity, to suffer our fellow countrymen to remain involved in what is confessedly a most deplorable evil, and make no effort to deliver them. If they themselves were insensible to the greatness of the evil, it would only argue the greater need of interposition in their behalf.

But the practical question is the propriety of efforts made by persons in the free States to affect the public mind with any direct view to the abolition of slavery. Such efforts, says Mr. Webster, "are unconstitutional in their spirit, and they have done nothing but to delay and defeat their own professed objects." On this point we are aware that some of our readers coincide with Mr. Webster and Mr. Appleton. We have no reproach of pro-slavery to bring against them for the opinion they entertain. We hold such a reproach to be groundless in fact, and uncourteous in spirit. Among the public men who have been for years concerned in the public administration of affairs, none has stood in less favor at the South than Daniel Webster—and that from no mere tariff considerations, nor from jealousy that so great a name belonged to the North, but from his well understood aversion to slavery. From no public man, were he placed at the head of public affairs, has the South felt compelled to expect so little directly favorable to the promotion of the interests of slavery. On this point we venture to say that no man who has any personal acquaintance with the South will contradict us. Freely regarding, therefore, Mr. Webster and Mr. Appleton as anti-slavery, and acknowledging the difference to be chiefly respecting mode, rather than principle, we will state the grounds of our difference from them in respect to mode.

First, let us look at the subject in the point of view presented in the encroachments of the slave power. According to Mr. Webster, the five slave States admitted into the union from territory gained since the Constitution was framed, is a fact which its framers never contemplated, and if they "had foreseen it, they never would have agreed to slave representation." How has this been done? "Northern votes" says Mr. Webster, "have been necessary, they have been ready, and they have been rendered." The North then has concurred with the South in doing that which the fathers of the Constitution would never have done, and to which they would have been utterly opposed. In other words, they have departed from the spirit of the Constitution. They have done it especially in relation to the admission of Texas, which has brought with it a train of calamities whose end we see not yet. And why did the North thus consent? Can there be a doubt that it was because the public mind was not sufficiently decided against slavery! In that very state of mind, then, lay the necessity for special anti-slavery efforts.

Consequent upon the admission of Texas, and as a part of the plan of the South contemplated in that admission, has been the acquisition of yet more territory—California, New Mexico, the territory between the Nueces and the Rio Grande—and this territory is contemplated to be made into slave-territory, and then into slave states. What is to prevent this? The principle having been already broken down and yielded in the case of Texas, what shall hinder its being yielded again? Will mere considerations of determining the balance of political power between the North and the South, be sufficient? We doubt whether any considerate statesman would affirm it. There is nothing but the feeling of the moral and intrinsic evil of slavery that will prove adequate. And how shall this feeling be promoted and secured? How but by direct efforts to enlighten the public mind? If the public feeling, when the admission of the late Mexican territory shall be debated in Congress, is no more decided than when Texas was admitted, then will this territory come in on the same terms with Texas, and the spirit of our free Constitution again be humbled under the power of slavery.

But there has already been a change for the better. The anti-slavery sentiment has been steadily increasing, and a stand has been taken in relation to the admission of Oregon, higher against slavery than since the first departure was made from the spirit of the Constitution in the Missouri compromise. How was this effected? The recent language of Mr. Calhoun at a public meeting in Charleston, S. C., we take to be the only rational method of accounting for it. Says Mr. C.:

"Since I addressed you last in this place, a great change has taken place in the position of parties at the North. The abolition party, which was then a mere handful is now grown to be a mighty party."

"A great change has been effected in the North. As they have grown in power, they have increased in their exactions, and at last have boldly avowed their determination to arrest the farther progress of the slave States, by excluding them unconditionally hereafter, from all the territories of the Union."

"At the next session of Congress, the contest will be renewed for California, New Mexico, and the territory between the Neuces and the Rio Grande—for the North claims all that. If worsted in the struggle, as there is great probability we will be, we have nothing to hope or expect from the Federal Government. He had watched this question of abolition for years, and from the beginning had predicted the result."

In very great contrast with Mr. Calhoun's view of the case, is Mr. Webster's assertion that abolition efforts have been productive of nothing but evil and mischief. If the state of feeling at the North deplored by Mr. Calhoun, in reference to the "determination to arrest the farther progress of the slave States," is an evil, then Mr. Webster's animadversions would be just. But both he and Mr. Appleton approve of this determination, and we doubt not they as sincerely rejoice in it as any friend of freedom in the land. We cannot but regard Mr. Webster's animadversions as singularly wanting in that breadth of view with which he so generally looks at great events and their causes.

But in attributing such a result to abolition efforts, we mean not associated abolition efforts only. The writings of Channing, and, most recent, the speeches of Mr. Palfrey and Mr. Mann on the floor of Congress, have helped to produce it—neither of which gentlemen, as we believe, are, technically speaking, abolitionists. Nor were their speeches designed to affect public opinion merely at the North—they were not "speeches to Buncom." They were addressed to Southern statesmen. They were intended to affect opinion at the South, and thus the relation of master and slave—and for this noble design, all honor to their names. The speeches of Mr Webster have helped to produce the result aimed at by abolition effort—not his last only, but dating back to his early public life. If we have any abolition feeling in us, it has been both promoted and cherished by his utterances—which, in the freest as well as most distant future that may shed its brighter light on the past, will never be reviled as the words of a friend to slavery, but revered as of one who strengthened and adorned the cause of freedom; one who opposed slavery not so directly indeed, but indirectly and yet effectually." And therefore the direct efforts of others he ought not to disparage, but to regard as the complement of his own.

DR. BUSHNELL'S DISCOURSE AT ANDOVER.

The Porter Rhetorical Society, an association of students in Andover Theological Seminary, and deriving its name from Rev. Dr. Porter, one of the former professors of Sacred Rhetoric (*clarum et venerabile nomen*) held its anniversary on Tuesday afternoon last, in the South Church of the village. Rev. Dr. Bushnell delivered the discourse. The exercises were opened with anthems by a choir of the students, and with prayer by Rev. Dr. Leland of South Carolina.

Dr. Bushnell commenced with expressing his belief that God is priparing the introduction of a new Christian era, in which Christianity would be regarded as a gift of faith rather than reason—a life in distinction from dogma. This was the affirmation of the Bible itself concerning it. For said our Lord, "It is the spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing." And said the evangelist, representing truth as a living power—"in him was life and the life was the light of men." Christianity was inaugurated as a spirit of life. The first age was not one of dogma, but of life, and in it we have a token of the last age—we shall return to the simplicity of childhood, only God will lead us back benefited by our long historic experience. This probably, said Dr. B, is the second coming of Christ. Christianity will come with power as a life, displacing the dialectic tyranny under which the Church has suffered such bitter thraldom. The Church will return to the primitive freedom and love and union, with which it began and will abide there.

There are said he, in man two departments of knowledge—one, that he may know God through the understanding—the other, through the feelings. In the one case he knows *about* God, constructs theories of truth; in the other, he knows God by the spirit, knows him through the affections. Hence said the evangelist—"Every one that *loveth, knoweth* God." Christ declared the *heart* to be the inlet of divine knowledge. "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

Having this double nature, we are not to set up one in opposition to the other. We are to regard the realm of reason, and the realm of faith, and receive the facts that lie in the province of the one and of the other. If on the one hand, a man excludes the realm of faith, he becomes a mere rationalist. If on the other, he excludes the realm of reason, he becomes a mystic. Accordingly it is one of the chief demands of Christianity to settle the relations of the reason to faith.

The first preachers proclaimed to all, the spirit of life in Christ Jesus. They knew nothing of dogma. Then the doctrine of Christ was practical. They had no theory of regeneration, but it was simply the putting off the old man of sin, and putting on the new man created in righteousness and true holiness. They kept the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. Christian dogmatics were yet to be invented. Therefore many regard the first age as the Paradisaic age of the Church. See, they say, how Christian truth became corrupted. See how the birth of Christian theology was amid contentions and strife. See what divisions it originated in, and has perpetuated and increased. It is as though the body of Christ was torn in pieces, and scattered in fragments over the world.

Contrast the Apostolic with the Athanasian Creed. In both we say, We believe—but in one, it is, I believe in God, the Father Almighty; in the other in God how complex! By and by the field became overrun with dogma. Christianity was in fact man's Christianity. It was the prevalence of dogma that made the dark ages. Dogma had eclipsed the light of the world. Hence this whole period in which dogma has ruled, is regarded by many as only worthy to be mourned over. But Dr. B. said that he for himself could not so regard it. For God will suffer his Church to pass through no barren experience. All that has been suffered will not be in vain, but it will prove an experience by which we shall be benefitted on our return to a pure Christianity. This will appear, added Dr. B., if we consider the uses of the descent of the Church into dogma.

And first, while the supernatural gifts of the spirit continued, there was no room for dialectical gifts to come. Christians having begun to rest in the supernatural, when these were taken away, they fell into dogma.

Secondly, it was necessary that faith should have contact with opinion, and be adjusted thereby. Too exclusive reliance on faith produced the infirmity of mysticism—in which Irenæus, Paphias, and Clement the soberest of all the fathers, had indulged.

Thirdly, the Gospel was not only to be set forth positively, but all the negatives were to be placed round about it. In the first age, there was not a Trinity, but simply Father, Son and Holy Ghost. In seeking to know what God is, some found in him three persons—three societies; others invented the patri-passian theory. But we have found that God is not either of these. And it is something to be able to come back, as we now can, and say what we do *not* mean; and this will often quiet and settle our difficulties. So of the Atonement, it is something to find out what is *not* true. Here Rationalism, said Dr. B, is doing a great work. We know by experiment, that it is *not* the living truth. Now it was necessary to go to work and try our hand on opinions, and decide which were true and abiding.

Fourthly, there is such a thing as true knowledge which belongs to the Reason. There were great truths in existence when Christ came into the world; there are great truths in Nature.—Now all truths are consistent, and we need to settle their relationship to each other, and of natural to revealed religion. Hence Christianity must fall into collision and attrition, and all be worn into harmony. If Geology or Astronomy declare certain facts, Christianity cannot rise up and storm away against them, for haply this might be storming away against God. If Christianity has been shackled, she will come forth free.

Fifthly, Christianity came into this world as a power antagonistic to all error—not indeed that it is to war with carnal weapons, but spiritual.—She came to detect error, and when error is revealed, it dies. The truth which God has revealed, man has taken and measured by his understanding, his temper represents itself in it, and thus modified, the form of truth has been presented ugly enough to create aversion and hostility, and it is rejected. Thus error is tried out. Every Council, every Convention, the Westminster Assembly, has served either to detect error in others, or reveal it in themselves. Thus have men been trying it out. And now many are looking for some period of simple light where the truth shall stand revealed in her beauty, and be recognized, and embraced. Let not any one distrust the issue. Truth is omnipotent. It runs through the ages as with a galvanic current, and those who meet her with a *spear*, only present a point which shall conduct its power to their hearts. Never was truth disarmed. The long night of the dark ages was the shadow beneath which Truth stood veiled with the brightness of an angel.

Dr. Bushnell came now to the last division of his subject. By what means may we escape our errors, and return back to the simplicity of the gospel.

As preliminary, we must set the heart and the head in a more just proportion. The head is regarded as the man. But most truths, said Dr. B., are perceived only by the heart. The understanding is the helm, but the heart is the full body of the ship, with its sails lifted to a divine inspiration, and itself freighted with the richest treasures. You may say that the helm is every thing. But look again, and you shall see how foolish a thing it is—swinging to and fro, amid the currents and counter currents of the soul.—It is not the helm which breasts the waves, but the heart which is the living power of feeling and inspiration. The heart receives and knows God, and is the source of all true motion.

Another and chief requisite to a return to Christian simplicity, is to settle some just views of dogma—where its true sphere is. And here there are four great canons. (1). Dogma as related to practice, is not to exceed the proportion given it in the Bible. (2). The truths of feeling are not representable in dogma, they are not to be handled as logical entities. That is, dogma must stay at home, and not usurp the place of feeling. Every man must be in one sense a mystic. (3). The insufficiency of language must be recognized. We have no real language except for physical things. There are no algebraic terms for spiritual quantities. There never was an *exact* definition. It is nearly certain that what is true to us now, may never be true to others who shall come after us. They will find our definitions inadequate to express the ideas they may form of the same things under different lights of providence, and at a point of progress further beyond. Hence why creeds chase one another out of existence. (4). All dogma has its uses not for the life of faith, but as guide to it. Our catechisms are only leading strings to bring us up to grace. They are mere outposts, not the inner citadel—a frame round about, but not a systematizing of the life. The great use and consequence of dogma is that it is necessary to satisfy the demands of the logical intellect. In this respect every Christian needs to be a rationalist.

If these canons are right, then is the importance of dogma lessened. The moment dogma assumes a magisterial air, it exalts itself above all that is called God, and partakes of the mystery of iniquity. The highest truths have no equivalents in forms that may be presented to the understanding. They make not their address to the reason but to love. All truths are poetic. Who would put the book of Job into dogma. Yet many will give us the life and passion of Jesus in there lines of prosaic formula. But true faith is of the heart—it is the letting in of the divine into the soul's experience. Thus it is that Cudworth declares, that "the secret mysteries of a divine life, of a new nature, of Christ formed in our hearts, cannot be written or spoken; language and expressions cannot reach them; never can they be truly understood, except the soul itself be kindled from within, and awakened into the life of them." How evident is the reason that sects arise. It is because of the want of the life within. Oh this wretched war of opinions! this barricading of opinions! Tell me, is it not something that God is manifested in Jesus? that God is love! But our religion is nothing until it is something human! If you ask why it is so, the answer is, that it is easy to act in the flesh, while one is dead in the spirit. Theology is the mere life of nature. We quarrel away religion by our disputes. It is when we exercise our hearts in prayer that we are drawn together.

If any Creed is offered, it should be in the terms of the spirit. The best Creed, said Dr. B., is the apostles' Creed. Here is no dogma, but truth just as it was offered to the first Christians.—Human reason, however, could not stop here, but must utter constructions of its own. Then came the Nicene Creed, and after this legions of other dogmas. All division of unity comes of dogma. Thus came Unitarianism. We had taken, said Dr. B., our formulas subject to the infirmity of human opinion, and insisted on their acceptance, and the Unitarians, who were excluded from us, instead of perceiving the insufficiency of doctrine, fell upon the creeds, and constructed a religion the most opinionated of any. Have they no reason to say with us, that they have done wrong? What if we should all come back to one God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost. If we should begin here, in the apostles' Creed, "I believe in one God, the Father Almighty"—and so on until we should reach the close of this simple declaration of faith, what angel from heaven hovering round, would not repeat with us, Amen! It is surely time now, said Dr. B., to be setting the human in the proper place of the human, and the divine in the place of the divine. One thing certainly is settled—that sect-making has been entirely overdone. No man can desire to be the founder of a sect; for he could do nothing to make him more an object of ridicule, than thus to march at the head of a small platoon of followers; and his position here might well be regarded as the just judgment of God for his folly. No, we have had enough of sect-making. What remains now is to draw the parted remains of Christ's body together, and see them coalesce and live. We most disallow all sects and all names. The time will come when to ask, is Christ divided,—will be more than a rhetorical figure of speech.

It is necessary to get rid of a dogmatic piety, and to restore the state of the first church.—What a picture is presented now! You behold a Calvinistic piety, rigid and unsocial; an Episcopal piety easy and accommodating, except in matters unessential and purely human; a Presbyterian, Quaker, Methodistic piety, each perfectly well defined, so that you can readily distinguish what the particular school is to which a man belongs. You see his dogma pricking through his eyes and skin, tattooing itself in his face, angularizing his movements. Just so far as piety is subjected to dogma you will find it narrow. You will see men with the dogma of justification by faith, so jealous of human merit, as to make a merit of having none. They come before God in prayer with extravagant confessions of sinfulness, that, if applied to them by others, would make them angry. Their standards of morality are let down, for they must keep up a confession, and therefore they live accordingly. Just so it could be shown of a hundred other dogmas. The divine magnanimity cannot unfold itself, there is no effort made toward perfection for fear of reaching it. How shall we get rid of the evil!

Many things are possible to be done, he would name two:—(1.) He would recommend reading the practical and devotional thoughts of the best men—not for criticism, but for use. The light of Christ will shine out, you will be enlarged in your love, which is the best Catholicism; you will come out of the life of nature and live the life of faith. We are accustomed, said Dr. B., to speak of Unitarianism as a manward religion, and as developing itself in Reform. But we have a similar fault of seeking God, not for himself, but to operate on others—we seek him to move a divine machinery for the conversion of men.—What is most needed is immediate devotion to God. If coming thus together to God, we should happen to embrace the same great truths, it ought to be regarded as no terrible calamity.—Some feel there is danger in this free communion with the minds of other Christians. To commune with Thomas a Kempis, or the Archbishop of Cambrai (he regarded Fenelon as on the whole the most perfect embodiment of the spirit of Christianity that had been in the church since the apostolic age) to commune with these it was thought would lead to dangerous results. But he believed there exists but little liability in New England to become Quakers, Roman Catholics, or Quietists. We may fear this when we see the bees becoming drones, or the lightning stagnating in the skies. Indeed our New England piety wants to be less in motion, and more in God.

(2.) Another thing he would name, viz., to revise our current ideas of the Holy Spirit. We speak of Christ as dying to fetch us by a point of the law, and of the Spirit as a motive or causative agency. The Spirit holds a relation to Christ that is peculiar. He declares, I will send the Comforter—*I* will come unto you. The Spirit of Christ and the Spirit of the Lord are one and the same. "The Lord is that Spirit." Laying aside all dogmas of the personality of the Spirit, we come to the representative forms. The Holy Spirit is the Spirit of Jesus. It is the life that was in Christ. He *breathes* the Spirit out. All that Christ does is socially done, and we have it all in contact with the soul. The Christ of the Garden and the Cross is not absent. His spirit sues at thy heart to give all that he can give. How pitiful to turn away from him, and controvert the doctrine of perfection! Take the cross, die to self, let the light shine into thee, and his feeling melt into yours, till that kingdom come in which God's will shall be done on earth as it is in heaven.

Once more, be not afraid to believe in such a thing as inspiration. Expect to be inspired. What is it but inspiration to be led by the Spirit of Christ? God will give all that is adequate to lead on from one moment to the next in all duties. If God is present in everything; if in the stars, how much more in the soul of man! Then let every one expect such a kind of inspiration as his calling demands. Then, how sure that we shall cease to live in opinion! Having the old shell of dogma broken off, or melted away, by the force and heat of love, we shall be as much enlarged as before we were straightened.

In conclusion, the speaker came to the inquiry, What kind of ministry do we need? He considered it as not to be disguised, that our ministry is growing more unspiritual. There are tendencies to this in theological seminaries. Young men meet and debate opinions, they stimulate ambition, their ideal of greatness is to be great in metaphysics—or great as speakers. They hope, when the time of service in the ministry arrives, to press forward to God and duty, but do not now press forward. It results that religion is known scholastically, and instead of faith lifting up the soul to God, we have in many, a delicate spirit waiting for a place of preferment. The mind is thus injuriously affected, so that it will cost ten or twelve years experience afterwards to reach what should have been attained before entering on the duties of the ministry. What then is the remedy!

There are two great practical inferences. First, no man learns Christ who is not in the spirit of Christ. Words cannot bring this knowledge into the heart. God must be in the soul in his own self-evidencing life. No theology can import the Christian ideas into his soul. Accordingly, no Theological Seminary is teaching Christ, unless Christ is there shining internally. Activity in dogma is nothing except faith be mixed therewith. More of real knowledge will be learned by prayer, than from the ablest lecture. Spiritual life is, therefore, of the first consequence. Let go the lectures, put on the hair-shirt, do anything rather than attempt to know God by the natural understanding. Our seminaries for supplying the army with soldiers, occupy many hours of the day in drill of arms. In our theological seminaries ought not as much time to be given to the holy drill of devotion!

Another suggestion he would make—to distinguish between a christian preacher and a christian minister. It is not our calling to be preachers, but *ministers* of the New Testament. The man in his human person is to be a vehicle of God; is to be so possessed by the love of God, that his speech shall be the outgoing of a divine power. As the Spirit of the Lord came of old upon the prophets, so the spirit of Christ is to come upon us. Theological seminaries are not for acquiring truth scholastically, not dialectically, not rhetorically, but to help the student to receive an unction from the Holy One. In a word, he is to acquire that knowledge of Christ which is immediate; then he is to go forth as one that has been with Jesus. O, if we had such a ministry; if all who are ministers now, and all who shall come after us, were to cease to be mere place holders, and prove our fellowship with the Father and the Son, how soon would cease all the mischiefs we have been deploring; all our dialectic quarrels; all our excommunications against those who do not obey the church when she speaks merely in her natural understanding! If we have a little of love, it is apt to be the case that we have a great deal of dogma; and if a great deal of love, a very little of dogma. If we all did but know Christ and him crucified, and would be willing to accept all who love him, we should be able to kindle a fire that would burn away all our incrustations of dogma; and we should be restored to the simplicity, and love, and beauty of the first age, and be one in communion with God.

If we meet our Unitarian brethren, it must be in the grand *koinonia*—in the fellowship of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost—in Gethsemane, on the hill of Calvary, there to weep over our sins together. There is no need to fear if they shall happen to accept something we say. How can we meet except it be in some truths we both accept!

That which chiefly opposes the second coming of Christ, has been thought to be the Man of Sin, and he, interpreted as the Pope. Is not rather the Man of Sin, the Man of Dogma? he who judges the things of the spirit by the understanding? This made the Pope, it has made a multitudinous popery in Protestantism. God be thanked if this Man of Sin may be taken out of the way.

Dr. Bushnell again referred to the Apostles' Creed. Here, said he, our Episcopal friends will meet us. May we all meet, sect to sect—and this Confession of the earliest church be heard rolling round the world—a hymn of brotherhood—"I believe" &c.—with repeating which he finished his discourse.

STOW, AUG. 4th, 1848.

MR. EDITOR: I send for the "Register" an account of our late Dedication and also a description of our new church.

Truly Yours,
R. B.

DEDICATION IN STOW.

The new church, erected by the First Parish in Stow, was dedicated on Wednesday, 30th ult. The order of services were as follows.

Anthem. Introductory Prayer by Rev. Mr. White of Littleton. Reading the Scriptures by Rev. Mr. Gilbert of Harvard. Hymn. Prayer of Dedication by Rev. Dr. Allen of Northborough. Original Hymn. Sermon by Rev. Chandler Robbins. Concluding Prayer by Rev. Mr. Shaw of Sudbury. Dedication Anthem. Benediction by the Pastor. The preacher took for his text the 100th Psalm, 3d and 4th verses, "We are his people; enter his courts with praise," and divided his subject into three heads, the Sanctuary, its Worship, the people. Each head was treated with great clearness, presenting many just views; and the discourse throughout was well adapted to the occasion and to the wants of the society. The day was pleasant, and the concourse of people was large, so that every part of the church was entirely filled: It was gratifying to see so much interest shown by the citizens of the town and by the people from the neighboring towns.

The new church stands on the same site of the old one, which was destroyed by fire in Nov. last, and is a chaste and well proportioned edifice. The dimensions are 60 feet long, 40 feet wide, and the posts 22 feet high. The spire measures almost 100 feet from the ground. In the front of the building is a recess, with two columns in the centre, on each side of which there is an entrance. The church contains 58 pews, and a gallery for the singers, which is over the entry and extends the width of the house. The pews, doors, window casings and caps are all grained; the walls are in plain white of a hard finish. The pulpit is mahogany and was built by Mr. Miller of Cambridge. It is a beautiful model and did not cost over $130. The house is carpeted and cushioned alike throughout at an expense of $200. This was done by means of funds raised at a Tea Party, held by the ladies, last winter, and by their own exertions the cushions they made entirely themselves. Under the church is a convenient and pleasant vestry.

The whole cost was but little over $4000. 46 pews have already been sold for $200 over their appraisal, and it is probable the rest will soon be disposed of, and the house be entirely paid for.

The Society gratefully acknowledges $150 from members of the First Parish in Boston—$20 from a friend in Boston—an elegant Bible for the pulpit, and a new service for the communion table from two other friends.

The Parish commenced the work of rebuilding in a good spirit, have gone on with great harmony and been prospered. May the smiles of Him who reigns in the heaven of heavens be upon them, and the glory of His presence fill the House which they have built in faith and prayer.

[Another correspondent writing on the same subject, thus expresses himself,]

The Prayers breathed the spirit of the Christianity taught by the Savior. Mr. Shaw's concluding Prayer was peculiarly appropriate, and the Discourse by Mr. Robbins was of a high character, rather out of the long trodden path, but a finished composition—It was listened to by a crowded auditory for near an hour, nor would their patience have been wearied, had the entire production been spoken.

It is pleasant to add, that the Society had presented them, a large well printed Bible and a

handsome Clock. The Church have also received a neat silver communion service. The names of the generous donors are known; two of them reside in Boston, the other in Framingham.

A TRAVELLER.

For the Register.

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION MEETING IN THE OLD COLONY.

The teachers, scholars, and friends, of the four Sunday Schools connected with the Unitarian Societies in Duxbury, Marshfield, Pembroke and Scituate enjoyed the pleasure of a social gathering last Thursday afternoon long to be remembered.

The place of our meeting was the town-house in Marshfield, which is surrounded by a beautifull grove of fine trees in which tables were prepared and spread forth with a bountiful picnic collation.

We were met by that warm and ever welcome friend of the S. School cause, Rev. F. T. Gray, of Boston, who, after the religious services of singing and prayer, addressed us in his usual earnest and happy manner. The building was literally full, so that some were obliged to listen from the outside. The number present was estimated from 5 to 600.

It is needless to say to those who have enjoyed the privilege of hearing Mr. Gray on such occasions, that he was listened to with the deepest attention, and that his words moved many hearts.

The sublime truths which he so earnestly set forth and forcibly illustrated, cannot soon be forgotten. Especially will those touching stories which he gave us from his own experience, bringing the tears to every eye, be long remembered and serve to quicken our zeal by their encouragement for us all to go and do likewise.

After the address we repaired to the grove, and having amply refreshed the outer man, again united in a hymn and listened to addresses from our other friends among whom we shall not forget the pastor from Cohasset who with his faithful band of teachers manifested their interest by coming a long distance to unite in our meeting.

As to what remains to be said, the printer may apply all the adjectives of admiration in the superlative degree that he commonly uses for the description of such occasions,—or he may leave that for our friends who read to do for themselves. In either case our appreciation of the privileges of the day and gratitude therefor will not be much overstated.

I have been to a number of meetings of this kind and have always come away from each with the feeling that it was the most pleasant and profitable of all. This is to my mind a strong argument for their continuance; not merely for the enjoyment they furnish, though it is no unworthy object to provide a pleasure so high and pure, and thus cultivate a taste for it in young and old, but because I am confident they will give impression of lasting benefit.

The effect of these occasions must be to teach our children more eloquently than words can do, the intimate connexion that subsists between true religion and the highest enjoyment, and thus be something to advance them to that Christian state of character in which religion shall sanctify and bless their whole lives and be the source of their highest happiness.

For the Register.

MRS. SARAH JANE MULLIKEN.

Died in Boxboro', August 28th, Mrs. Sarah Jane Mulliken, wife of Mr. John W. Mulliken, formerly of Charlestown.

The death of Mrs. Mulliken has made a void in the family, in the church and in society not easily filled. Of singularly modest and unobtrusive character, her work was best known to those intimately associated with her in the domestic and more private walks of life. In the relations of wife and mother, daughter and sister, she exhibited those important and delightful elements of character which serve to make home earth's heaven, and to throw around daily life a sweet attractive charm. In the more public scenes of active duty she might seem to a stranger less interested and devoted than many others; yet in unbosoming herself to confidential friends, it would be perceived a strong love of Christian truth and duty, a deep sense of moral obligation and accountableness, pervaded her whole character.

Her death was strikingly sudden—a few moments only intervening between life full of hope and interest, and certain death—the bourne whence no traveller returns. She left behind her twin babes of only a few weeks old. They were baptized over her coffin. Two surviving sisters each bearing one in her arms, with an aged mother and numerous relations and friends, stood around the "sacred relics" forming altogether a group and a scene truly mournful, and in the highest degree impressive.

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. They rest from their labors and their works of faith and love do follow them.—

"While thine unerring word imparts
So rich a cordial to our hearts,—
Through tears our triumphs shall be shown,
Though round their graves, and near our own."

For the Register.

MRS. ELIZA OTIS WILLIAMS.

Died, at New Bedford, on Saturday last, Mrs. Eliza Otis Williams, wife of the Hon. John M. Williams of this city, in the sixty-ninth year of her age. For more than forty years, she had been a member of the church of Christ, and she adorned by her life and conversation, the doctrines she professed. Next to her religious faith, the distinguishing traits of her character were truthfulness, an unfaltering desire to be useful, and entire devotion to her domestic and maternal duties. She rests from her earthly labors and has now entered upon her reward!

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Discourse in Vindication of Unitarianism from Popular charges against it, delivered in the First Unitarian church in Manchester, N. H., May 14, 1848. By Rev. Arthur B. Fuller, Pastor of the Society. Manchester: L. & A. Jackson. Boston: Benjamin H. Greene, 121 Washington street.

There is a general feeling in the Unitarian denomination, that it is better to let doctrinal subjects alone. And so it is, if they must be discussed with the virulent bitterness which has characterised most theological controversies, or if such discussions necessarily lead men to think of nothing but doctrine, and suppose this has efficacy in itself to save them. But these baneful consequences arise only from the abuse of such discussions: so do party feuds and factions arise from political discussions; so do burning animosities arise from temperance lectures and moral reform movements. These are the sparks, the heat and the friction of onward progress; but they indicate movement, and where they do not exist, great principles are generally cold and at a stand. There would be no patriotism without political division; and the disease of intemperance and licentiousness would make fearful havoc if their ravages were suffered in silence.

We know these discussions should not be emphasized more than is necessary, and it should be admitted that enlightened, honest and christian minds must arrive at different results in the investigation of doctrinal points. But we think the Denomination too generally commit the error of supposing that as Doctrine cannot save them, it has no value at all. But it is impossible for a man to have a warmth of religion without fanaticism, unless the light of his understanding is poured in upon his heart. He must either be a hot fanatic, or a cold man without the love of God in his bosom, unless he has his mind disciplined upon doctrinal subjects, and knows the cardinal points of his faith. We think, too, that Unitarianism cannot advance unless its doctrines are explained and inculcated; and that the prevalent neglect of Doctrinal discussion is a cause of the slow progress it has made. We commend the discourse of Rev. Mr. Fuller, as a good sample of unimpassioned yet earnest argument upon Unitarian principles, pursued without sectarian heat.

We give a paragraph on the last page:

"Let us all strive to attain more of the spirit possessed by our common Master; let sect aid sect, and man his brother, till the *At-One-Ment* between us and God be achieved and we 'all may be one," just as Jesus and the Father are one—one in spiritual purpose and union. Then shall the hour come, when diversities *of opinion* still existing, men 'keep the unity of the *spirit* in the bond of peace." ††

☞ On leaving for Andover, Tuesday forenoon, we were obliged to furnish our printers with copy, and we took such as was at hand. On our return, the next day, we found communications, which we regretted had not been sent earlier; for there would have been ample room, and we should have reserved what now occupies the first three columns of the inside page, and much of the general Intelligence, (the copy previously given out) until next week. A few observations on Dr. Bushnell's sermons, and some account of the other exercises of the Anniversary, will appear next week.

Melrose. The attendance upon Unitarian services in Melrose has been constantly increasing, and last Sunday afternoon the Hall was respectably filled. A subscription paper was started by the Secretary of the Association, and the liberality of the people does not permit us to doubt of the success of our efforts at least for a time. [Comm.]

Savannah. We rejoice to know that a young preacher, by the name of Penniman, who has studied with Rev. W. B. Greene of Brookfield, is about to devote himself to the care of the church at Savannah, that he will receive ordination as an Evangelist, and take charge of the society sometime in next month. Dr. Penniman has been quite acceptable in the practice of medicine in Worcester county: and we confidently trust will be blest now as a Physician of souls. [Comm.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Assembly's Shorter Catechism.—Rev. Mr. Baker of Medford, Mass., stated at the meeting of the N. Y. Gen. Association, that within a few years the Mass. S. S. Society had published two hundred and fifty thousand copies of the Assembly's Shorter Catechism. He said that it was found that many Sabbath scholars had a better knowledge of the flags of the Nile and the cedars of Lebanon, than of the doctrine of election and of grace as presented in that formula of truth and in the Bible.

Old-school Home Missions. The annual Report of the Board of Domestic Missions of the O. S. General Assembly has been issued, and presents the following synopsis of the labors of that body in this interesting field. The Missionaries employed by the Board are 460 in number, of whom 180 were appointed during the year which ended May 1st.

Some 5,500 persons have been added to the churches through their instrumentality; 60 new churches organized and 100 church buildings erected; 700 Sabbath Schools are kept in operation, containing 5,000 teachers and 30,000 scholars. The receipts of this Board for the year were $67,922, being an increase of five or six thousand dollars over the receipts of the previous year.

The enterprise embarked upon by the General Assembly in behalf of Church Extension is also committed to this Board. The small sum of $8,260 38, has, by judicious management and great economy, aided 52 congregations in building or finishing houses of worship, and 6 more in extinguishing church debts. Forty of these congregations have been in the West South-west, and eighteen in the Middle and Southern States. Several of these are in Missouri.

Decrease of Wesleyans. Farther accounts of the late meeting of the British Wesleyan Conference at Kingston, furnished in the papers received by the Britannia, represent the connection as having suffered a considerable decrease. Comparing the returns of this year with those of the last, there has been a decrease in Great Britain of 518, in Ireland of 1491, and in the foreign stations of 865.—The total decrease throughout the world is 2768.—The fact of there being at home a decrease of 518, led to serious inquiry as to the cause. The causes to which the decrease were attributed were various; namely, commercial depression, the state of the mining interests in Cornwall, the emigration to Austria and elsewhere, consequent on abandoning some of the mines; and in one or two cases, political questions were thought to have had some influence upon the Societies.

The Assembly's Shorter Catechism is regarded by the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches of New Hampshire, nearly *universally*, as the standard of sound doctrine; and he (Mr. Bouton) did not know of a single minister in the Association now, who was even suspected of not adhering faithfully to this standard, and Congregational and Presbyterian ministers had acted in harmony.

Voluntary benevolent Associations marked 1801 as a new era in the Churches of New Hampshire. That year the N. H. Missionary Society was formed, which had since raised $120,000. This Society was soon followed by the Bible, tract, and other benevolent Organizations.

Intemperance, and the need of more effort to resist it.—The New York General Association which lately met at Madison, passed a Resolve in relation to intemperance.

Whereas, this Association has reason to believe that intemperance has of late been increasing in the State with fearful rapidity, and that comparatively little effort has been put forth by Christians and churches to arrest its progress, therefore,

Resolved, That it is earnestly recommended by the Association to all the churches and ministers represented in it, that they hold the interests of this cause within their respective limits and neighborhoods distinctly in view; that they make its steady advance therein an object of special solicitude and prayer, and that they contribute in all proper and practical modes to the diffusion of light and the support and encouragement of effort in regard to this important object.

Increase of Intemperance. A correspondent of the Puritan gives a sad account of the state of temperance in Western New York.

"I cannot resist the conclusion that the cause of Temperance is on the decline in this region. Men who keep temperance hotels speak of want of support, and that too, in a tone that indicates a resolution to open a bar. Public drinking is common and open. Bar-rooms of a large size, are found on most of the steam-boats. The crack of the champaign bottle salutes us on all sides, sit at what public table you will. Ladies drink porter, and boys and girls soak their bread in wine. This sight meets the eye each day, in each place."

Aug, 23, 1848.

Dartmouth College has given to the state of New Hampshire 192 ministers.

The Difference.—It will be recollected that when the news came of the murder of the missionaries in Oregon by the Indians, the circumstances created grave suspicions that Romish priests had at least an indirect agency in the affair. Now contrast the recent news from China, which is, that three Romish missionaries were brought to Canton under arrest, and were imprisoned.

Dr. Parker, our missionary there, interceded for them and procured their deliverance, and then entertained them at his house.

Religious Refugees. There arrived at New Haven, Conn., on Wednesday last, in the schooner Gold Hunter, from Porto Rico, twenty-three passengers, Portuguese, who were forced to leave the Island of Maderia some two years since, in consequence of their religion being obnoxious to the laws of that country. It is stated they are of the Presbyterian denomination.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Present to Dr. Morton. Many of our readers who have followed the "Ether controversy" will be interested to learn that the sum of one thousand dollars has been presented to Dr. Morton, by the Directors and surgeons of the Massachusetts Hospital, and other gentlemen of this city, as a testimonial of their sense of his exertions in regard to that discovery. The silver casket in which the present was enclosed, is now in the window of Messrs Jones, Ball & Poor, the manufacturers, to whom the workmanship does much credit.

Dr. Morton's connection with this vexed question has drawn the attention of the public, it may be feared, from his reputation as a Dentist, about which there can be no controversy. Having seen several of the more important operations of Dentistry performed by him in cases requiring much skill, and where our acquaintance with the individuals gave us good opportunities of observation, we can speak with the greater confidence of his success, particularly in inserting complete sets of teeth. In the almost perfect imitation of nature, his artificial teeth can hardly be surpassed; and this imitation, we learn, is not merely in appearance, but extends to the working qualities, which are secured by the excellence of the material, and the nicety with which the plate is fitted to the jaw.

As it is Dr. Morton's intention to confine his exertions to his profession, we cannot doubt that his intelligence and skill will be appreciated and rewarded.

We here give the correspondence in regard to the present to Dr. Morton, alluded to above.

Correspondence between Dr. W. T. G. Morton, and a Committee of gentlemen who have united in a subscription towards remunerating him for his services and losses in the late Ether Discovery.

Boston, May 12th. 1848.

Dear Sir:—At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital, a few weeks since, it was informally suggested that a limited subscription of one thousand dollars be raised for your benefit, in acknowledgement of your services in the Ether discovery. No one to be asked to subscribe more than ten dollars. We consented to act as a committee to receive and apply the proceeds of this subscription. The proposed sum having been obtained, we have now the pleasure of transmitting it to you. We also enclose the subscription-book in a casket which accompanies this note. Among its signatures you will find the names of not a few of those most distinguished among us for worth and intelligence. It may be remarked that it is signed by every member of the Board of Trustees.

You will, we are sure, highly value this *first* testimonial, slight as it is, of the gratitude of your fellow citizens. That you may hereafter receive an adequate national reward is the sincere wish of

Your obedient servants,
(Signed) SAM'L FROTHINGHAM,
THOMAS B. CURTIS.

Dr. Wm. T. G. Morton.

[REPLY.]

Boston, May, 15th, 1848.

Gentlemen:—I need hardly say that your communication of the 12th instant, with the accompanying casket, subscription-book and donation have been received by me with gratification of no ordinary degree.

Apart from the positive value of the gifts, the kind feeling which has led to this manifestation on the part of so many of the first citizens of Boston, has affected me in a manner that I am not likely soon to forget. The circumstances in which I have been placed for some time past, give them an additional value; and by my children the testimonial will be appreciated hardly less than by myself.

In recognizing among the names, those of each of the Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital, I am bound to acknowledge this renewal of my indebtedness to that Institution. It was the first to receive, verify, sustain and promulgate the Ether discovery; and from the earliest I have received from its officers, surgeons, physicians and trustees, nothing but constant courtesy, liberality and kind consideration.

Allow me to acknowledge your liberal kindness in acting as a committee for the purpose of the subscription, and the tasteful manner in which you have given to it an enduring value and signification.

You are pleased to speak of my services as deserving "a national reward." I am glad to have your concurrence and sympathy in this opinion, and it is not unknown to you that if received, it would be to me not only a reward, but an indemnification and relief. Respectfully,

Your obliged and obedient servant,
(Signed) WILLIAM T. G. MORTON.

To Messrs Sam'l Frothingham, and Thomas B. Curtis.

A most brutal outrage perpetrated on the body of a little girl six years old by two returned German volunteers, for which they were convicted and placed in jail, was the occasion of a riot in Cincinnati, Aug. 23, in which 8000 persons principally Germans were engaged, who proceeded to the prison with the purpose to inflict summary vengeance on their guilty countrymen by Lynch law. The mob, "armed with the fragments of the fence, clubs, spades and bricks, came rushing furiously on, and assailed the jail apparently with a desperate determination to carry it by assault. Missiles were thrown through the windows. The family of the jailor were screaming for aid, and the uproar arising from the crushing of windows and doors, and the shouts of the infuriated men without was almost deafening."

The mob was dispersed only as the police in the jail fired on them by which two were immediately killed, and several wounded, and one has since died of his wounds. The indignation manifested at the outrage in itself considered without such expressions of it in acts of violence, is a sign of hatred of the crime that one cannot but be glad to see. The triumph of order over the efforts of a mob, of civil law over mob law, is another and still better sign, for we feel the necessity of sustaining order, though at such a sacrifice.

Origin of the Albany Fire. This fire, says the Albany Knickerbocker, originated in a very singular manner. It appears that while a woman was washing, a spark set fire to her sun-bonnet.—Without a moment's thought she took it from her head and threw it she knew not where; unfortunately it alighted in the stable of Wm. Johnson, which in a moment almost was enveloped in flames.

Yucatan.—The Indians are returning to the mountains. Families driven from their homes are also returning. The crops are promising.

Governor of Oregon. Gen. Shields, as we learn from the Union, has declined the appointment of Governor of Oregon in consequence of the bad state of his health. He does not think that, with his recent wounds, he would be able to cross the Rocky Mountains. Gen. Lane has accepted the appointment.

Unsuccessful attempt to escape from Slavery. Ship Samoset, Captain Tucker, which sailed from Charleston on Sunday for Liverpool, returned on Friday off the bar, and delivered on board the pilot boat a negro, belonging to Mrs. Fitzsimons, who was found secreted on board, the third day after sailing.

Before the 23d of June, General Cavaignac was only known as a young general officer who had some success in Africa, who, in consequence of that success, had been placed in the office of Minister of War, at a moment when it was difficult to get an officer of rank to take it; and who, during his tenure of office, if he did done nothing brilliant, had avoided doing anything to give offence to any party in the Assembly. In short, he had the credit of considerable military talent, and of being a moderate and well-meaning, but rather weak politician. The consequence was, that in the hour of danger, all parties united in placing him, with unlimited powers, at the head of the government; and when, by his ability as a general, that hour had passed away, they agreed that since a new government was to be formed, they could not better show their gratitude, or, perhaps serve the state, than by appointing him the President of the new Council of Government. Ever since that period, all parties have shown an indisposition to enter upon the struggle for power. Cavaignac's political tendencies continuing for a long time doubtful, each party flattered itself that they should ultimately be manifested in its favor. He himself appeared to see the advantage this state of things gave him, for he has all along been very reserved and sparing of his language, and has shown, disposition to keep well with both parties. Such a state of things could not, however, be expected to last long, and within the last few days General Cavaignac's tendencies have become more manifest. He has shown so decided a feeling towards the pure Republicans, or *National* party, that the Moderates of the Rue de Poictiers are in despair, or more correctly speaking, are roused to an active opposition, in the hope of gaining that share of power which it seems they are not likely to attain by the system they have hitherto followed, of passive forbearance. [London Morning Chronicle.

Death of Captain Marryatt, C. B., &c. The service and the public will learn with regret the death of Captain Frederick Marryatt, C. B., which took place at his seat, Langham, county of Norfolk, on Wednesday, the 9th inst., after a lingering illness. The gallant officer had never recovered himself since the shock his feelings sustained by the melancholy death of his eldest son, a brave and noble-minded young officer, second lieutenant of the Avenger steam [illegible] when he perished in the gulph; of which victims he was one of the first. Captain Marryatt, by his graphic writings on naval subjects, effected many invaluable remedies of old abuses, and introduced a better feeling and code of treatment both for men and officers than would in all probability have resulted from the most formal and deferential application in the usual way. [London paper.

The Ragged Schools of London. In four years the number of ragged schools in London and its suburbs, have increased from twenty to more than sixty. About eighty paid teachers are now employed and about 800 voluntary teachers. The average attendance of scholars for the past year was 5800 on Sundays, 3900 on week days, and 3500 on week evenings.

The Cholera has reached as far westward as Berlin. Four cases had occurred, all of which proved fatal. 17,000 cases had occurred in St. Petersburg, of which 10.138 had proved fatal. In the whole of Russia, since Oct. 28, 1846, there had occurred 290,000 cases, and 166,658 deaths. The scourge is expected to move westward to the utmost limit of Europe; and unless a kind Providence arrest it, we may have it in America. In any event, it will be wise to prepare for it.

The Cholera. A very important discovery is said to have been made at St. Patersburg in reference to this powerful scourge. 'Whilst the cholera was at its height, the action of the *magnet* was nearly neutralized, which now assumes, by degrees, its former power. A magnet block, which used to carry 80 lbs, would not during the worst of the cholera, carry above 13 lbs. It now carries 60 lbs. *The electro-magnetic telegraph, at one time, would not work at all.*' The writer suggests, as a legitimate inference from these facts 'that the malady is in the air, and that *quarantines are utterly useless.*' Portland Aug. 24th, 1848.

☞ The Treasurer of the Sunday School Society, acknowledges the receips of ten dollars from the Ladies Benevolent Society connected with the first Parish in Sherburne, contributed by them to constitute Mr. Samuel H. Sawyer, Superintendent of the Sunday School of said Parish, a Life Member of the Sunday School Society. Also, ten dollars contributed by the Teachers of the Sunday School, connected with the Church of the Pilgrims, in Lowell, to constitute their late Superintendent, Mr. Benj. F. Aiken a life member of the Sunday School Society.

Boston, Sept. 5th, 1848.

☞ The Cambridge Ministerial Association will meet in Weston, at Rev. Dr. Field's, on Tuesday 12th inst.

WM. NEWELL, Scribe.

☞ NOTICE. The Middlesex North Association will hold their next meeting at the house of Rev Mr. Morse, in Tyngsboro', on Wednesday, Sept. 13th, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

JOS. C. SMITH, Scribe.

N. B. Brethren will please observe the change of time. au26

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 5th inst., by Rev. F. D. Huntington, Rev. Stephen Lovell of Weymouth, to Mrs. Emeline P. Creasy, of Boston.

In Charlestown, 5th inst., by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Wm. Holmes, Esq. of Lillian Dale, Baltimore, Md., to Sarah Ann, daughter of Hon Chas. Thompson, of C.

At Jamaica Plain, 30th ult., Mr. J. Bellow Ross, of Cincinnati, to Miss Frances W. daughter of Henry S. Waldo, Esq.

In Littleton, 31st. ult., Mr. J. Warren Smith to Miss Mary G., daughter of J. P. Tuttle, all of Littleton.

In Quincy, Mr. Joseph Arey, Jun., to Miss Irene H. W., second daughter of Seth Adams, Esq., all of Quincy.

In Newport, R. I., 17th ult., Mr. James Galloway to Mrs. Mary A. Brooks.

In Saco, Me., by Rev. G. G. Strickland, Mr. Richard Luce to Miss Ruth A. Pike.

In Biddeford, Me., by Rev. G. G. Strickland, Mr. Edward O. Sutherland to Miss Harriet Mills, both of B.

DEATHS.

In this city, 30th ult., Mr. Simon Willard the "old clock-maker," 95½.

In Cambridge, 27th ult., Mrs. Abigail, widow of the late Andrew Bordman, Esq., 79.

At Newton Corner, 5th inst., Ellen Josephine, youngest child of Mr. Langdon Coffin.

In Brighton, 30th ult., Charles Kirk, only son of Charles Head, Esq., 12 yrs.

In Acton, Jeremiah Emery, Esq., 93.

In Salem, on Friday, 1st inst., Miss Sarah Matilda, daughter of Mr. Jonathan Brown, 33.

Sunday, 3d inst., of cholera infantum, William Henry, son of Benjamin and Mary K. Gray, 15 mos.

Mrs. Mary Silver, wife of Mr. John Chamberlain, 47.

In Lynn, 26th ult., Mr. Amos Breed, 77.

30th ult., Mr. Enos A. Breed, 48.

In Weymouth, 29th ult., suddenly, Miss Mary, second daughter of the late William Alline, Esq. of Boston, 52.

In N. Bridgewater, 30th ult., Winfield Scott, son of Capt. George Foster, of Charlestown, 6 months.

In Framingham, 23d ult., Roger James, only son of Jas. W. and Mary J. Brown, 13½ months.

In Sherburne, 19th ult., Miss Sarah Clark, daughter of Samuel Sanger, Esq., 40.

In Lowell, 28th ult., Frank Merriam, youngest son of Nathan M., and Isabella D. Wright, 4 months, 17 days.

In Worcester, 18th ult., where he resided for the the last seventeen years, Joseph Chapman Esq., 92. Major Chapman will be remembered by many of our citizens as the former Cashier of the Boston Bank—an office which he held *for twenty-eight* successive years; retiring from it in 1821, in what was then esteemed a ripe old age. He was a man of unblemished integrity—of a warm and generous heart, ardent in his principles and attachments—and whose memory will be cherished with respectful regard by those who were associated with him in earlier days.

In Spri. gfield 31st ult., Emma, daughter of Seth Stebbins, 2.

In Northampton, 4th inst., Frederic, son of Mr. Wm. Whitney.

In Portland, Me., Mr. Luther A., son of Mr. J. P. Tuttle of Littleton, 21.

In Provideuce, R. I., 25th ult., Edward Marion, son of Edward M., and Eliza Tyler, 4 years and 4 mos.

In Buffalo, N. Y., 15th ult., Capt. George Prince, 67, formerly of Boston, and for many years a shipmaster out of this port.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

This medicine has, beyond all doubt, saved many persons from death by lung complaints. Mr. Fowle, the general agent, who deals in the article largely, sends us the following note, which he has just received in the way of business.

Irasburgh, Vermont, May 5, 1847.

Mr. S. W. Fowle—Dear Sir: I am nearly out of the Balsam of Wild Cherry. You may forward, if you please, two or three dozens more. The medicine gives better satisfaction here in pulmonary complaints than any other that I have kept. I have tried it with perfect satisfaction upon myself—having been troubled with a severe cough for more than a year, and having profuse night sweats for the last month. I had tried various popular remedies without material benefit—at length I tried Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, and before I had finished the first bottle I found great relief. Two bottles have wrought a cure.

Yours, respectfully,
HUBBARD HASTINGS.

GREAT BARGAINS given on Knives and Forks, Cutlery, &c., at W. I. FROST'S, 182 Washington Street, 2 doors north of Franklin Street.
sep 9 istf

JUST received an assortment of Enamelled Saucepans, Maslin Kettles, Porringers, &c., for sale low at W. I. FROST'S, 182 Washington Street, 2 doors north of Franklin Street. istf sep 9

QUILLING SCISSORS AND CRIMPING MACHINES at W. I. FROST'S, 182 Washington Street, 2 doors north of Franklin Street.
sep 9 istf

Mr. & Mrs. G. Wilkes'
BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.
29 Bowdoin Street, Boston.

THIS Seminary which has been in successful operation for three years, and enjoyed a large share of Public Patronage, will be re-opened (after the present vacation) on Monday, 18th September.

Parents and Guardians who are desirous that their Daughters and Wards should not only acquire all that pertains to a solid and useful education, but that the various popular accomplishments should be added to these attainments, with the cultivation of their manners, will find that this establishment has peculiar claims on their attention.

Application for admission into the school, may be made at the residence, any day between the hours of 12 and 2 o'clock.

August, 31st., 1848.
sep 9 6tis

Private Instruction.

THE SUBSCRIBER, intending to devote himself to Private Teaching, wishes to form a forenoon class of young ladies, at his residence, 38 Boylston Street, opposite the Common, for the study of History and English Literature, and, if desired, of Latin, French or German language.

He wishes also to form a class of lads who are about completing their school education, but do not wish immediately to enter a counting room, to pursue a course of English study beyond that usually taught in schools.

He is also prepared to fit boys for College, either for the Freshman or Sophomore class, and will receive single pupils in any of the common branches of a Classical or English Education. He is willing to devote his evenings to such as are occupied during the day.

Apply to him or address him by mail, at 38 Boylston Street. W. P. ATKINSON.

Boston, Aug. 25, 1848.
sep 9 is4t

CONTENTS of No. 226 Living Age. Price 12½ cents.

1. The Blue Dragoon,
2. Ghosts and Ghost Seers.
3. Character and Writings of Pope.
4. Foreign Correspondence of Living Age.
5. Treaty of Queretaro
6. Mexico and the Mexicans.

Published once a week—Price $6 a year—by E. LITTELL & CO, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets. sep 9

MEDICATED INHALATION. For Pulmonar Complaints, Bronchitis, Asthma, Chronic Affections and Digestive Organs. Dr. Frost can be consulted by Patients at his Office, Rear 51 Cambridge street, Boston, personally, or by letter, where he treats the above complaints by a new and decidedly improved method by which the patient is relieved principally of the nauseating effects of continued taking of drugs, but receives his medicine by *inhalation* to the parts affected so that the healthy parts of the system need not be affected and sickened by the curative remedy, thus giving a *practical remedy* to the disease and leaving nature to pursue its true course. Patients out of the city are requested to be as minute as possible in the detail of their cases, as to the duration of their complaints, the symptoms, age, habits of living and occupation. Address post paid as above, advice gratis.

Note.—The most prevalent and fatal of all diseases incident to our climate, *Consumption*, may generally be traced to a slight cold. By an estimate not long since made, it appears that upwards of *one hundred* and *fifty thousand die* annually of *Pulmonary* Complaints. *Take heed*, delays are dangerous.
nov6 is1y

JEWETT & PRESCOTT'S
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
SILK GOODS & SHAWL
ESTABLISHMENT,
MILK STREET BOSTON.
(First Store below the Old South Church, a few steps from Washington St.)

PURCHASERS can visit this Establishment with a certainty of finding a new and perfect assortment of LONG and SQUARE

Cashmere, Broche, Thibet, Silk, Satin, Woollen, and Merino
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GERMAN, FRENCH & INDIA SATINS,
FOR CLOAKS AND DRESSES.

Six or eight different qualities of French and German
THIBET CLOTHS AND MERINOS,
Made expressly for Jewett & Prescott,

By PARTURLE-LUPIN & CO., and *other manufacturers*, in *choice* and *most desirable colors*. All other kinds of Cloak materials in latest Paris Styles. Also, PARIS CLOAKS and VISITES, in *elegant patterns*, of our own importation. *Extra medium and low priced* qualities of BOMBAZINES, ALPACAS, LYONESE CLOTHS, &c.

N. B. JEWETT & PRESCOTT give their *undivided attention* to the introduction of SHAWLS, SILK GOODS, and CLOAK MATERIALS, in the highest state of perfection, and acknowledge no equals in this branch of the Dry Goods business.

WITHOUT EXAGGERATION,

their assortment, at the present time, *surpasses*, in extent and variety, the *combined stocks* of any *three firms* in Boston, and, in view of these facts, we can *with propriety expect*, from *every purchaser*, *at least* an examination of our superior assortment.

THE LADIES

will consider it an *especial privilege* to select their *Dresses* and *Shawls* from this variety, and TRADERS, from the *city or country*, will not know what constitutes a good assortment, until they have looked through our stock. Prices warranted satisfactory to the Purchaser,

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

Milk Street Silk and Shawl Store,
BOSTON.
sept 2 7wis6wos

CHAUNCY-HALL SCHOOL.

THE next term will commence on Monday, September 4. As a new class in Latin, French and Spanish will be immediately formed, it is desirable that those who propose to enter upon the study of either, should report themselves on that day.

☞ A department for the fitting of candidates for *admission to the Lawrence Scientific School*, will be immediately established, to which the attention of those, whose age or completed course of study excludes from the public schools, is invited.

Catalogues, with terms, &c., appended, may be obtained on application to TICKNOR & CO., corner of School st.

One of the Principals will be in attendance at No. 12 Essex street, from 9 till 2 o'clock, on *Friday* and *Saturday*, Sept. 1 and 2.

THAYER & CUSHING.
au26 3tis

THE ORIGINAL
Herb Doctor's Popular Medicines,
TO BE HAD AT THE HOWARD STREET MEDICAL OFFICE,
NO. 15 HOWARD STREET,
The only place in Boston where the genuine can be obtained.

DR. J. M. WESTON,

THE celebrated Herbalist, of Philadelphia, has established an office at No. 15 Howard street, for the sale of his

PURE HERB MEDICINES,

THE ONLY PLACE in the city where the genuine can be obtained. Having been in use for over thirty years in the Southern and Western States, they have invariably given entire satisfaction.

The author of these valuable Medicines labored long and faithful in the fields of Nature in order to find out what Herbs, Roots and Barks would prove beneficial to man in his bodily afflictions. He has been familiar with the manners and customs of the Indian nations, and of tained valuable information from them with regard to the nature and medicinal *Properties of those Herbs* which are used by them in every disease, and by the experience of years, he has succeeded in combining such materials as act in harmony with the human system.

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au19 tf

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POETRY.

ABOVE AND BELOW.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I.

O dwellers in the valley-land,
Who in deep twilight grope and cower,
Till the slow mountain's dial-hand
Shortens to noon's triumphal hour—
While ye sit idle, do ye think
The Lord's great work sits idle too?
That light dare not o'erleap the brink
Of morn, because 'tis dark with you?

Though yet your valleys skulk in night,
In God's ripe fields the day is cried,
And reapers, with their sickles bright,
Troop, singing, down the mountain side:
Come up and feel what health there is
In the frank Dawn's delighted eyes,
As, bending with a pitying kiss,
The night-shed tears of Earth she dries.

The Lord wants reapers: O, mount up,
Before night comes, and says, "Too late!"
Stay not for taking scrip or cup,
The Master hungers while ye wait:
'Tis from these heights alone your eyes
The advancing spears of day can see,
Which o'er the eastern hill-tops rise,
To break your long captivity.

II.

Lone watchers on the mountain-height!
It is right precious to behold
The first long surf of climbing light
Flood all the thirsty east with gold;
But we, who in the shadow sit,
Know also when the day is nigh,
Seeing thy shining forehead lit
With his inspiring prophecy.

Thou hast thine office, we have ours;
God lacks not early service here,
But what are thine eleven h hours
He counts with us for morning cheer;
One day for Him, is long enough,
And when He giveth work to do,
The bruised reed is amply tough
To pierce the shield of error through.

But not the less do thou aspire
Light's earlier messages to preach;
Keep back no syllable of fire—
Plunge deep the rowels of thy speech.
Yet God deems thine aeried sight
More worthy than our twilight dim—
For meek obedience, too, is light,
And following that, is finding Him.

DEATH OF A CHILD.

"Death found strange beauty on that cherub brow,
And dashed it out—There was a tint of rose
On cheek and lip—he touched the veins with ice,
And the rose faded; forth from those blue eyes
There spoke a wishful tenderness,—a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
Alone can wear. With ruthless haste he bound
The silken fringes of their curtaining lids
Forever; there had been a murmuring sound,
With which the child would claim his Mother's ear,
Charming her even to tears. The spoiler set
His seal of silence. But there beamed a smile
So fixed and holy from that marble brow,—
Death gazed and left it there;—he dared not steal
The signet-ring of Heaven."

(Mrs. Hemans.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Register.

MR. EDITOR:—The very interesting account furnished by Miss Harrison, of Cincinnati, of a visit to this remarkable cave, may leave on some minds the impression that the exploring of the cave is attended with danger. If so let its readers be assured that there is not the least danger from the rivers, except when at certain seasons they are unusually full;—which times are well ascertained beforehand, and of which the amplest information is furnished to visiters. None should on this account be deterred, as they have opportunity, from visiting this most wonderful place. Yours, &c., F. A. W.

Brighton, August 31.

MAMMOTH CAVE OF KENTUCKY.

[Concluded.]

Passing from the first division of the cabinet, which had arrested our attention, we came to what is called the snow-ball chamber, not from any definite division between it and the rest of this grand gallery, but from the arching vault here changing from the display of the lily-like incrustations, I have described, to that of an appearance of myriads of snow-white globular formations, thickly encrusting every spot, and irresistibly suggesting the idea of a vast bower, roofed over with blossoms of the snow-ball.—Here again the guide illuminated the scene, with one of his bengal lights, when the reflection became almost painfully dazzling. Words are faint to portray the beauty and splendor of the scene, so I must leave it to your imagination.

As I gazed around on those fair scenes in silent wonder, I could not help reflecting, how the vivacious imagination of the ancient Greeks would have peopled them with aerial beings, and furnished forth a whole host of deities, to preside over these varied wonders. Or if the poetical mind of later ages, had caught the rumor of the existence of such a subterranean world as this, it would have imagined it the peculiar realm, the undisputed domain of Oberon and Titania, with all their hosts of subject fairies—where they could sport, and frolic, and work their gay enchantments undisturbed by the vulgar gaze of mortal eyes. The vivid but more sombre imagination of the orientals, would have probably placed here good and powerful genii, and wicked enchanters, waging a perpetual warfare of spells, and incantations, to accomplish their opposite purposes, of good and evil. Indeed if the twilight day of graceful superstitions had not long gone by, the whole region here, above and below ground, would be considered enchanted land, and the heroic daring that ventured to explore its wonders, would be exalted almost to deification.

Satisfied with the scene of beauty here exhibited, and beginning at last to feel fatigue and exhaustion, from the unusual demands made upon our energies, some of our party here sat down, to rest and indulge themselves more at leisure, in the contemplation of the scene, while four of the party including Mrs. S. went forward with the guide, determined to see the utmost that could be seen.

Cleveland's cabinet is said to be three miles in length, beyond which, there has not yet been much discovered to reward the toil of exploring. We that were left behind, enjoyed ourselves to our hearts' content, on examining more at our leisure, the beautiful and varied encrustations on the walls, and turning up fragments on the floor in search of specimens to carry away—we having obtained this privilege as a special favor from the proprietor, to some old acquaintances of his in our party, though the general rule prescribed to visiters is positively against such abstractions.

It was here I took the opportunity of venturing far enough from the rest to lose entirely the light of their lamps, and the sound of their voices, in order that I might feel the awful sublimity of the deep solitude, darkness, and silence, that must have reigned unbroken here, through long revolving ages. It was impressive indeed. There is no solitude, darkness, and silence like this on upper earth. Not the faintest straggling ray was to be detected in any direction, not the slightest breath of sound was to be heard, not even so much as the stirring of an insect's wing to break the deep and awful repose. It was silence that might be heard, and darkness that might be felt, for the senses of sight and hearing became powerfully impressed, with the total absence of their usual stimulants. Never shall I forget the emotions I felt in those few brief minutes of total isolation from sight and sound, and the companionship of kindred beings.

Our friends who had gone forward, returning in the course of an hour, we all began to retrace our steps. And now some anxiety began to arise in our minds, with regard to the rivers.—For my own part, I had been so completely absorbed in the wonders of Cleveland's Cabinet that I forgot the rivers, until we were directing our steps towards them again. On ascertaining the time we found that two hours more than we had allotted, for going and returning, had elapsed and now it was desirable to make all possible haste, in retreading our steps. A difficulty however arose. Miss. P., from exhaustion, found it impossible to keep up with the guide, and it was therefore agreed, that some of us should proceed forward with him and cross the rivers, while Miss. P. should proceed more leisurely, another lady of the party and Mr. H. remaining with her, as the latter insisted he remembered this part of the cave well enough to guide the ladies to the rivers. They were urged to be at the river bank by the time the boat returned from taking the first division of the party across. As I followed closely the footsteps of the guide and observed him narrowly, I found he began to exhibit symptoms of uneasiness as we approached the rivers. He began at length to utter exclamations indicative of this feeling. Having been gone two hours longer than he had supposed it might be safe to remain beyond the rivers, now that they were on the rise, there were some grounds for his apprehensions, which I fully shared. As we actually approached the river bank he seemed much agitated, when a loud sound of rushing, roaring waters burst upon our ears, and he exclaimed with a startling gesture, what is that! what can it mean! I never heard it so before. It seemed as if some swollen river above ground had broken through all impediments and was pouring into the cave to engulf us before we could make our escape.

I asked the guide if he did not think it possible to cross. He said the river had risen so much that it would be difficult and dangerous, and perhaps impossible, and he did not know what to do. Some enquiry was then made about the passage called purgatory. His answer conveyed to me the impression that it was exceedingly difficult for him and almost impossible for ladies, being, as I understood the description, a process something between swimming like a fish and creeping like a serpent through holes and cavities in the rock. For a moment there was a pause and hesitation as to what we ought to do. In that pause I for one felt that our chance of escape was lost, and I suppose the rest were similarly impressed. One of the gentlemen, however, Mr. S., with great decision of manner called to us to get into the boat and make the attempt, as nothing was to be gained by hesitation and delay. He and his wife and two gentlemen, with myself constituted what I may call this forlorn hope. The guide silently but in evident excitement took the oar and we commenced our doubtful voyage. After receding from the shore I looked anxiously on the right hand and the left to see if I could recognize any of the land marks I had seen when passing before, so as to form some idea of what difference there might be in the height of the water, but saw no indication that would give any satisfaction. As we approached the low arched passage, our anxiety became great to see if it now would admit our boat.

To our great relief, as we advanced, we saw it would admit of our entering, though the space between the rock and water was much diminished, but our suspense was not yet ended, for we could not see the whole at a glance and did not know but there yet might be some part of the roof too low to admit of our passing. At length, however, our boat shot from under the low arch, when we raised ourselves up and breathed more freely. The ledge of rocks where we had some difficulty before was now entirely submerged, not a trace of it being seen. On arriving safely within sight of the shore, the guide for some reason which I do not even now understand, insisted on our getting into another boat which lay there, which we did, expecting him to return immediately for our friends; but this he said he would not do unless one of the gentlemen would return with him to help him row. All felt that this was hazardous, but Mr. S. promptly said he would go, while his young wife made no selfish remonstrance but acquiesced and even exhorted him to go. Mrs. S. and myself were left sitting in the boat, while the two gentlemen who remained with us got out and stood upon a rock that shelved from the side of the cave to the water and that barely afforded them a footing to watch in deep anxiety the rising tide. One of them scored a mark upon the rock three or four inches up from the margin, and in the time we sat there it was under water. Having this evidence of the rapidity with which the water was rising, our anxiety for the fate of our friends became very great.—We felt also that our own escape was not secured as, if the guide should be prevented from returning, we should find it impossible to explore our way out ourselves, especially as we were without oil to renew our lamps. It would have removed this anxiety if we had reflected that other guides would probably be sent for us if we were not forthcoming at the expected time. At any rate this did not occur to me then. While sitting here in anxious suspense our conversation was about our critical situation, with frequent pauses to listen whether our friends might be approaching.

Two or three times we thought we heard them,—but were sorely disappointed on finding that it was only the deep gurgling echoes of the rock and water that we heard. As I now recollect the scene, it was thrilling and impressive in the extreme. Mrs. S. sat in the boat with folded hands and bowed head, insisting in a tone of self-reproach, that the danger in which we were involved was all her fault; that she had urged them to cross the rivers, and if we were not all rescued it would be entirely her fault. It was a beautiful personification of patience, resignation and humility, and my admiration was deeply excited even in these moments of fearful suspense. At last she caught the sound of her husband's voice at a great distance, and long before we could see them, cheering us with assurances of their safety.

Nothing could exceed the change that took place in our feelings on hearing these welcome sounds. Mrs. S. sprung from her seat and clasped her hands in an ecstacy of gratitude and joy, exclaiming he is safe! he is safe! I am so happy! I am so happy!

Never shall I forget the emotions of that hour. It was one calculated to try the very depths of the soul, and I would not now have had it otherwise for any consideration. I believe that tears of gratitude and joy sprung to the eyes of more than one of the party when we were all reunited again.

We had yet, however, some pretty formidable difficulties to encounter. We had not walked but a few steps on terra firma before we discovered that the greater part of our path, between the two rivers, where we had walked on solid ground in going, was now two feet under water, and there was no alternative but to ford this deep water. The guide here paused, looked round, and said the gentlemen must carry the ladies, and enforcing precept by example picked me up who happened to be nearest to him and rushed into the water with me almost before I was aware.

The gentlemen all followed suite, each picking up a lady and marching valiantly into the water except one, upon whom they had piled the shawls and baskets, and other baggage we had carried along. We had many a laugh, loud and long, at this scene afterwards. One of them promised me a drawing of it, but he has not yet fulfilled his promise or I would submit it to your inspection, in order that you might form a just idea of the scene.

It was twelve o'clock at night and we had crossed the last river and felt ourselves once more really on terra firma, when we saw glancing lights and heard voices in the distance.

It proved to be three guides, whom the proprietor had sent for us, who told us that the anxiety about us at the hotel had been so great that some of them, our friends especially, who had returned from the rivers, could not sleep till something was ascertained with regard to us, and that the proprietor, Dr. C., was very much provoked at our venturing to cross the rivers that day.

Nothing, however, could now damp our joy, and attaching ourselves to the different guides we all made our way out as fast as possible, being exceedingly anxious for rest and repose, having been at least fifteen hours in the cave and almost worn out with fatigue and excitement—We retired to rest, but I for one could not sleep, so vividly was my imagination impressed with dark waters, deep pits, and rocky precipices.—When we assembled again in the morning in the parlor, the Doctor himself took us to task for inducing the guide to disobey his orders.—We took care to take all the blame on ourselves exonerating the guide from all censure whatever.

In conversing on this subject afterwards, some of our party thought it would be best not to speak of the danger we had incurred, as it was entirely our own fault and might deter others from visiting and exploring the cave. But I think the spice of danger that may be mixed up with the adventure would only be an incentive to many and give it a zest that it would not otherwise have. To say the truth, however, I think that no danger whatever need be necessarily incurred by any one in exploring the Mammoth Cave, and I myself would gladly repeat and extend the exploration another time, only I would like it to be in fair weather.

After breakfast we equipped ourselves again to visit some of the wonders of the main cave, a small part of which we had seen the day previous. We found this quite a different undertaking from that of yesterday; the walking in every part being dry and comparatively easy, though there are ladders to climb and descend occasionally. I would have been glad to spend days instead of hours in exploring the main cave, so grand and wonderful are its vast halls and galleries, and so impressive and interesting is it in every part. I cannot pretend to conduct you through all its parts in regular succession, but will endeavor to give you as vivid an idea as I can of some of its majestic scenery. Passing again the hoppers and vats, and artificial walls I described yesterday, we notice as we pass along that the rocky walls resemble in some places stupendous river cliffs channelled out by the waters, through the slow lapse of years. Soon after we come to a vast expansion of the roof and walls of the cave, to which the name of "the church" has been given. A huge rocky protuberance on one side serves the fancy for a pulpit, and something like a gallery seems hollowed out from the walls beneath the roof.—The hint given by nature has been taken, and public worship has more than once been celebrated here. Passing from this through a long and lofty gallery for a considerable distance we turned out of the main cave again in order to visit Goran's dome, which is one of the places to which visiters are always led. We here lost sight for a time of the lofty ceilings and cliff-like walls which gave to the main cave its air of nobleness and grandeur, though many of the chambers and galleries are still wide and spacious. In one of these we were shown the niche in the wall where a mummy was once found, of what nation or race is utterly unknown. Soon after examining this, we came to the first stalagmites and stalactites we had seen in the cave. The former are those which reach from the roof to the ground. The latter are those which seem to hang suspended from the roof. On examining these we could see the drops of water by which they are formed trickling down and suspended from their points. Frequently along here we came to little springs that seemed to well up out of the solid rock of the floor, the water standing in their little basins as pure as crystal, and quietly flowing away in little rills to some unknown reservoir. Some of the stalagmites are pillars of great size, dark, rough and knotty like the bodies of mighty oaks placed there to support the vast roof. This, through all this branch, is between six and eight feet high, and for the most part smooth and uniform as a plastered ceiling. This is disfigured by hundreds of names of visiters, done by the smoke of lamps, a barbarism which not one of our party would imitate. One wide hall where the ceiling is most convenient for this purpose has received the name of the register room on this account. Many stalagmites now occurred as we passed along, most of them having some particular name appropriated to them, from the objects they are thought most to resemble.—Some of these are Hercules' pillar, the blacksmith's shop, the arm chair, and the elephant's head. Not far from these is the lover's leap, which is a rock projecting twenty or thirty feet over a deep dark pit. A leap from it would be literally one into the dark. Omitting an account of our various windings, and turnings, which I do not know that I remember well enough to relate accurately, I will proceed to give you a description of Goran's dome. The approach to it is exceedingly crooked and narrow, descending most of the time; indeed the path to it begins by a steep ladder. After many turnings, windings and descends, we found our career arrested by a rocky wall across our path, in which a large aperture appeared. Two at a time only could look into this, holding their lamps inside at arm's length.

At first when I looked in I shuddered and drew back, so deep and dismal seemed the gulf below and so vast the height above.

It seemed to me that we were standing on a platform projecting over the vast gulf below but walled up at the verge with the aperture through which we looked, broken through this wall.—For a few minutes here we missed our guide.—On looking in again we found that he had descended by some path to us invisible and was kindling a bengal light upon a ledge of rock projecting far below us from the side of the fearful gulf. When its blaze illuminated the vast cavity, the sight was indeed thrilling to the nerves. Just opposite to us a huge mass of columnar looking rock seemed projected over the deep abyss below, having its base in the same plane as that on which we stood. As we gazed in the sound of dripping and trickling water and low gurgling murmurs, as of a deep lake or river came to our ears from below.

The abyss is said to be ninety feet deep from where we stood, the height above I did not hear stated.

After leaving this almost terrific scene, we turned again, to our delight, into the grand and lofty galleries of the main cave. Again we had on both hands the stupendous cliff-like walls, while the ceilings seemed pictured over with various figures, which fancy easily shapes into representations of known and familiar objects. A panther in the act of springing on his prey,—an old man stooping down to reach something below,—an Indian warrior with his single scalp-lock,—a serpent with his folds and some others are very perceptible to the fancy, when once pointed out. But no scene in the whole cave impressed me more deeply, or remains pictured more vividly on my mind, than that which is known as the star-chamber. Here as I leaned against the perpendicular wall on one side, and looked up to view the lofty ceiling, it seemed to have disappeared, allowing the vision to rise suddenly to the midnight sky. After gazing awhile, our lamps being removed, we could see what seemed to be the glimmering of stars, through a dense veil of clouds of midnight blackness. The illusion is wonderfully complete, and the impression of the whole scene is intensely interesting. This singular and wonderful effect is said to be produced by a black moss, which incrusts the ceiling, interspersed with white points of the rock, not covered by it, which look brillaint by contrast with the blackness of the rest. Four miles from the entrance of the cave, is the magnificent hall called the temple. I heard the area of this common hall, variously estimated from four to eight acres. Only imagine it, a rocky dome sixty feet in height and covering a space of more than four acres, and this underground four miles from the light of day. I must leave the picture to your imagination, for words are all too feeble, to convey an adequate impression of its grandeur. Returning through the long majestic galleries, and magnificent halls of the main cave, our impression of its grandeur and sublimity rather increased than diminished. We all grew thoughtful, and walked along in silent contemplation. Thoughts of the great Architect were thronging into our hearts, and such must be the effect of these wonderful scenes, in every mind that is not utterly callous. Approaching on our return towards the entrance, the guide extinguished all our lamps, and caused us to observe the beautiful appearance of the daylight at opening. It was more like the most brilliant and silvery moonlight than anything else. At length about four o'clock in the afternoon, we emerged again to the full light of day, and taking our seats near the mouth of the cave, we indulged ourselves in a long resting spell, and in enjoying at our leisure the beautiful scenery around us. Thus I have endeavored to fulfil my promise. I know that my descriptions are exceedingly imperfect, but my object has been to carry you along with me, and make you feel and see as I felt, and saw. I believed that I could in this manner give you a more vivid idea of this astonishing scene of wonders, than I could have done, by the most labored and dry detail of distances, and names in guide book style. At some future time I hope to visit it again, for I am not half satisfied with the comparatively slight examination we made of its wonders.

[Selected.]

DEAF AND DUMB.—A MOUNTAIN SKETCH.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

I had been gazing so earnestly on the scene below and around us, that I had not noticed the sudden appearance of a boy on a bank, a little to the left of the place on which we stood; but my attention was attracted by his clasping his hands together and laughing, or rather shouting loudly, in evident delight of the scene. There was something in his appearance different from that of many young goatherds we had passed, and who hardly raised their heads from the purple heath to gaze at our progress. His sun-burnt limbs were bare below the knee, but his long brown hair had been cared for, and flowed beneath a wide leafed hat, which was garnished, not untastefully with a couple of wreaths of spreading fern. His garments were in sufficient disorder to satisfy the most enthusiastic admiter of the picturesque; and although we called to him repeatedly, it was not until a sudden diffusion of cloud had interfered between him and the sunset, so as to diminish the light, and of course lessen the effect of the shadows, that he noticed us in the least; indeed, I do not think he would have done so at all, but for the unexpected appearance of another 'cloud of the mist,' in the person of a little tangled looking bright eyed girl, literally one mass of rags; who sprang to where the boy stood, and seizing his hand, pointed silently to us. We descended immediately, followed by the little girl, and after removing his hat, stood by the side of the car riage, into which he peered with genuine Irish curiosity.

To our question of where do you live, the mountain maid replied, "meen English." We then spoke to the boy—she placed her hands upon her lips, then her ears, and shook her head. 'Deaf and dumb!' I said. Ay, deaf, dumb, she answered: His eyes rested upon a small black portifolio which we opened, and showed him some sketches and engravings; nothing could exceed his delight. He could have had no instruction, had never been at school; but the magnificence of nature had elevated and instructed his mind. We closed the portfolio with a heavy sigh; we gave him some paper and pencils, with a few engravings, and saw him as we left, waving his hat to us on a promontory while we rapidly descended the mountain.

I thought such a meeting was worth preservation. L. G. P.

A TEE-TOTAL PLEDGE.

The following ancient pledge of teetotalism was written and signed by a Bachelor of Divinity and preacher of the Gospel, in England, two hundred and eleven years ago:—

"From this daye forwarde to the ende of my life, I will never pledge anye health, nor drink a carowaal in a glasse, cupp, bowle or other drinking instrument whatsoever, whosoever it be, or ffrome whomsoever it come, not my own most gracious kinge, nor any the greatest monark or tyrant on earth, nor my dearest friende nor all the goulde in the worlde, shall ever enforce or allure me; not an angelle ffrome heaven (who I know will not attemdt it) should perswade me, not Satan, with all his old sutteltries, nor all the powers of hell itself shall ever betray me. By this very sinne (for a sinne it is, and not a little one,) I doe plainly find that I have more offended and more dishonored my great and glorious Maker and most merciful Savior, than by all other sinnes that I am subject unto, and for this very sinne I know it is that God hath often been strange unto me. And for that cause, and noe other respect, have I thus vowed; and I heartily beg my good Father in heaven of his greate goodness and infinite mercie in Jesus Christ, to assist me in the same, and to be favorable unto me for what is past. Amen.

(Signed) R. BOLTON.

Broughton, April 10th, 1637."

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E. R. PEASLEE, M. D.

[From Parker Cleveland, LL. D., Professor of Chemistry, Materia Medica, Mineralogy, Geology, and Natural Philosophy, Brunswick College, Maine.]

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